

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. I

MARMION.



PARIS:
PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNÉ
AT THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND SPANISH
LIBRARY, 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

MDCCCXXVI.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME FIRST.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

	Page.
Introduction	5
Canto First	6
Canto Second	23
Canto Third	39
Canto Fourth	55
Canto Fifth	77
Canto Sixth	97
Notes to Canto First	119
Notes to Canto Second	142
Notes to Canto Third	159
Notes to Canto Fourth	173
Notes to Canto Fifth	192
Notes to Canto Sixth	197

THE
LAY
OF
THE LAST MINSTREL.
IN SIX CANTOS.

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me auctor, qui feci, iudice, digna linam.*



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES,
EARL OF DALKEITH,
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

The Poem now offered to the Public is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

INTRODUCTION.

• THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrél was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High plac'd in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.
 With hesitating step, at last,
 The embattled portal-arch he pass'd,
 Whose pond'rous grate and massy bar
 Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess' mark'd his weary pace
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well :
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree ;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride :
 And he began to talk anon,
 Of good Earl Francis,² dead and gone,
 And of Earl Walter,³ rest him God !
 A braver ne'er to battle rode ;

¹ Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

² Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father to the Duchess.

³ Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather to the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

INTRODUCTION.

And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought, even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear. • • •

The humble boon was soon obtain'd :
The aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain - -
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;

And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower, that was guarded by word and by spell
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire.
The stag-hounds, weary with the chace,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And uged, in dreams, the forest-race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall;

Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall;
Nine-and-twenty yemen tall
Waited duteous on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet
barr'd.

V.

Ten squires, ten yemen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten:
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barb'd with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors arm'd, by night?—

They watch to hear the blood-hound baying;
 They watch to hear the war-horn blaying;
 To see St George's red cross streaming,
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
 They watch, against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.—
 Many a valiant knight is here;
 But he, the chieftain of them all,
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
 Beside his broken spear.
 Bards long shall tell,
 How Lord Walter fell!
 When startled burghers fled, afar,
 The furies of the Border war;
 When the streets of high Dunedin
 Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
 And heard the slogan's' deadly yell—
 Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
 Or staunch the death-feud's enmity?
 Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
 Can love of blessed charity?
 No! vainly to each holy shrine,
 In mutual pilgrimage they drew;

• The war-cry, or gathering word of a Border clan.

Implored, in vain, the grace divine
 For chiefs; their own red falchions slew
 While Cessford owns the rule of Car,
 While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
 The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
 The havoc of the feudal war,
 Shall never, never be forgot !

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
 The warlike foresters had bent;
 And many a flower, and many a tear,
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :
 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
 The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
 Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
 Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
 And burning pride, and high disdain,
 Forbade the rising tear to flow;
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee --
 "And, if I live to be a man,
 My father's death revenged shall be!"
 Then fast the mother's tears did seek
 To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
 All loose her golden hair,
 Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
 And wept in wild despair.
 But not alone the bitter tear
 Had filial grief supplied ;

For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
 Had lent their mingled tide:
 Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
 Dared she to look for sympathy.
 Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
 With Car in arms had stood,
 When Mathouse-burn, to Melrose ran,
 All purple with their blood;
 And well she knew her mother dread,
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
 Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came;
 Her father was a clerk of fame,
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
 He learn'd the art that none may name,
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.
 Men said, he changed his mortal frame
 By feat of magic mystery;
 For when, in studious mood, he paced
 St Andrew's cloister'd hall,
 His form no darkening shadow traced,
 Upon the sunny wall!

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
 He taught that Ladye fair,
 Till to her bidding she could bow
 The viewless forms of air.
 And now she sits in secret bower,
 In old Lord David's western tower,

And listens to a heavy sound,
 That moans the mossy turrets round.
 Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
 That chafes against the scaur's¹ red side?
 Is it the wind, that swings the oaks?
 Is it the echo from the rocks?
 What may it be, the heavy sound,
 That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
 The ban-dogs bay and howl;
 And, from the turrets round,
 Loud whoops the startled owl.
 In the hall, both squire and knight
 Swore that a storm was near,
 And looked forth to view the night;
 But the night was still and clear!

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
 Chafing with the mountain's side,
 From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
 From the sullen echo of the rock,
 From the voice of the coming storm,
 The Ladye knew it well!
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
 And he call'd on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"



¹ *Scaur*, a precipitous bank of earth

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—« Brother, may --

On my hills the moon-beams play
 From Craig-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
 By every rill, in every glen,
 Merry elves their morrice pacing,
 To aerial minstrelsy,
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
 Trip it deft and merrily.
 Up, and mark their nimble feet !
 Up, and list their music sweet !»

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

« Tears of an imprison'd maiden
 Mix with my polluted stream ;
 Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
 Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,
 When shall cease these feudal jars ?
 What shall be the maiden's fate ?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate ?»

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

« Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
 In utter darkness round the pole ;
 The Northern Bear lowers black and grim ;
 Orion's studded belt is dim ;
 Twinkling faint, and distant far,
 Shimmers through mist each planet star ;
 Ill may I read their high decree !
 But no kind influence deign they shower

On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quell'd, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still:—
It died on the fiver's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her statly head,
And her heart throb'd high with pride:—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jocund din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
In mimic foray¹ rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bold,
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.

¹ Foray, a predatory inroad.

For the gray warriors prophesied,
 How the brave boy, in future war,
 Should tame the unicorn's pride,
 Exalt the crescent and the star.¹

XX.

The Lady forgot her purpose high.
 One moment—and no more; . . .
 One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
 As she paused at the arched door:
 Then, from amid the armed train,
 She call'd to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
 As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee:
 Through Solway sands, through Tarras moor,
 Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
 By wily turns, by desperate bounds
 Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds:
 In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
 But he would ride them, one by one;
 Alike to him was time or tide,
 December's snow, or July's pride;
 Alike to him was tide or time,
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
 Steady of heart and stout of hand,
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
 Five times outlaw'd had he been,
 By England's king and Scotland's queen.

¹ Alluding to the armorial bearings of the Scotts and Car

XXII.

" Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
 Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
 Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
 Until you come to fair Tweedside ;
 And in Melrose's holy pile
 Seek thou the Monk of St Mary's aisle.
 Greet the father well from me ;
 Say, that the fated hour is come,
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb :
 For this will be St Michael's night,
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
 And the cross of bloody red,
 Will point to the grave of the Mighty Dead.

XXIII.

" What he gives thee, see thou keep,
 Stay not thou for food or sleep :
 Be it scroll or be it book,
 Into it, Knight, thou must not look ;
 If thou readest thou art lorn !
 Better thou hadst ne'er been born."

XXIV.

" O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear !
 Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say,
 " Again will I be here :
 And safer by none may thy errand be done,
 Than, noble dame, by me ;

Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee.»¹

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he past,
 Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,²
 And soon the Teviot side he won;
 Eastward the wooded path he rode,
 Green hazels, o'er his basnet nod;
 He past the Peel³ of Goldiland,
 And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strai
 Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still flitted round:
 In Hawick twinkled many a light;
 Behind him soon they set in night;
 And soon he spurr'd his courser keen,
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;—
 «Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark.»
 «For Branksome, ho!» the knight rejoin'd,
 And left the friendly tower behind.

He turn'd him now from Teviotside
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,
 Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gain'd the moor at Horseliehill;

¹ *Hairibee*, the place of executing the Border marauders, at Carlisle. The *neck-verse* is the beginning of the 51st psalm, *Miserere mei* &c. anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.

² *Barbican*, the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle.

³ *Peel*, a Border tower.

Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile the Roman way.'

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed,
Drew saddle-girth and corslet band,
And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
A Mintocrags the moon-beams glint,
Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint:
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII

Unchallenged, thence past Deloraine
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come,
Cresting each wave with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chesnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow;
An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire

Above the foaming tide, I ween,
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
 For he was barded¹ from counter to tail,
 And the rider was armed complete in mail:
 Never heavier man and horse
 Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
 The warrior's very plume, I say,
 Was daggled by the dashing spray;
 Yet, through good heart, and our Lady's grace,
 At length he gain'd the landing place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
 And sternly shook his plumed head,
 As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;²
 For on his soul the slaughter red
 Of that unhallow'd morn arose,
 When first the Scott and Car were foes:
 When royal James beheld the fray,
 Prize to the victor of the day;
 When Home and Douglas, in the van,
 Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
 Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood deaf
 Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
 And soon the hated heath was past:
 And far beneath, in lustre wan,
 Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran:

¹ *Barded*, or *barbed*,—applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armour.

² *Halidon-Hill*, on which the battle of Melrose was fought.

Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
 Rose, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
 When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
 Now midnight lauds¹ were in Melrose sung.
 The sound, upon the fitful gale,
 In solemn wise did rise and fall,
 Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
 Is waken'd by the winds alone.
 But when Melrose he reach'd, 't was silence all;
 He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
 And sought the convent's lonely wall.

Here paused the harp : and with its swell
 The master's fire and courage fell :
 Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,
 And gazing timid on the crowd,
 He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
 If they approved his minstrelsy ;
 And, diffident of present praise,
 Somewhat he spoke of former days,
 And how old age, and wandering long,
 Had done his hand and harp some wrong.

The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
 And every gentle ladye there,
 Each after each, in due degree,
 Gave praises to his melody ;
 His hand was true, his voice was clear,
 And much they long'd the rest to hear.
 Encouraged thus, the aged Man,
 After meet rest, again began.

¹ *Lauds*, the midnight service of the Catholic church.

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.
CANTO SECOND.

I.

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night
And each shafted oriel glimmers white:
When the cold light's uncertain show
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave.
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

SHORT halt did Delorain make there;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair:

With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
 He struck full loud, and struck full long.
 The porter hurried to the gate—
 "Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"—
 "From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
 And strait the wicket open'd wide;
 For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
 To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
 And lands and livings, many a rood,
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

. III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
 The porter bent his humble head;
 With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
 And noiseless step, the path he trod:
 The arched cloisters, far and wide,
 Rang to the Warrior's clanking stride;
 Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
 He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
 And lifted his barred aventayle,¹
 To hail the Monk of St Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Lady of Branksome greets thee by me;
 Says, that the fated hour is come,
 And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb"—
 From sackcloth couch the Monk arose,
 With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
 A hundred years had flung their snows
 On his thin locks and floating beard.

Aventayle, visor of the helmet.

V.

And strangely on the Knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide;
"And, darest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"

VI.

"Penance, Father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray:
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was
high:—

Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
 Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;
 The pillar'd arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
 Glisten'd with the dew of night;
 Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.

The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,

Then into the night he looked forth;

And red and bright the streamers light

Were dancing in the glowing north.

So had he seen, in fair Castile,

The youth in glittering squadrons start;

Sudden the flying jennet wheel,

And hurl the unexpected dart.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,

That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,

They enter'd now the chancel tall;

The darken'd roof rose high aloof

On pillars, lofty, and light, and small:

The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,

Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille;

The corbells¹ were carved grotesque and grim;

And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,

¹ *Corbells*, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands' had bound.

•

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,

 Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne!

 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,

 In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.

The silver light, so pale and faint;
Shew'd many a prophet, and many a saint,

 Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,

 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

•

XII

They sate then¹ down on a marble stone,
A Scottish monarch slept below;
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone—
« I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God :
Now, strange² to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

« In these far climes³, it was my lot
To meet the wond'rous Michael Scott ;
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

« When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened ;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.

The words may not again be said
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye's masonry nave
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

✓ It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel past,
The banners waved without a blast——
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell tolled one!
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

•
"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;

Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.—
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the blood† Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the Warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign, with his wither'd hand.
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!

No garthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.

His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old ;
 A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
 With a wrought Spanish baldric bound.
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea ;
His left hand held his Book of Might ;
 A silver cross was in his right ;
 The lamp was placed beside his knee :
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face ;
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
 And neither known remorse or awe ;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd ;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
 When this strange scene of death he saw .
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud :
With eyes averted prayed he ;
He might not endure the sight to see
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
"Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;

For those, thou mayst not look upon,
 Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"—
 Then Deloraine, in terror, took
 From the cold hand the Mighty Book.
 With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound:
 He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd;
 But the glare of the sepulchral light,
 Perchance, had dazzled the Warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
 The night return'd in double gloom,
 For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
 And as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
 With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
 They hardly might the postern gain.
 'Tis said, as through the aisles they past,
 They heard strange noises on the blast;
 And through the cloister-galleries small,
 Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
 Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
 And voices unlike the voice of man;
 As if the fiends kept holiday,
 Because these spells were brought to day.
 I cannot tell how the truth may be;
 I say the tale as 't was said to me.

XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
 "And when we are on death-bed laid,
 O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
 Forgive our souls for the deed we have done."

The Monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The Monk of St Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones gray,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot gray,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's * side,
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And waken'd every flower that blows;
And peep'd forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose;

* A mountain on the border of England, above Jedburg

And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastily;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The Ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn o
light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true Knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.

He was stately, and young, and tall,
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribband prest;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore, he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blush'd, and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;

Its lightness would my age reprove :
 My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold :
 I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
 The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
 And held his crested helm and spear :
 That Dwarf was scarcely an earthly man,
 If the tales were true, that of him ran
 Through all the border, far and near.
 'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
 Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
 He heard a voice cry, « Lost ! lost ! lost ! »
 And, like tennis-ball by racquet toss'd,
 A leap, of thirty feet and three,
 Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
 Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
 And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
 Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd ;
 'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
 • To rid him of his company ;
 But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four.
 And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :
 This elfish Dwarf with the Baron staid ;
 • Little he ate, and less he spoke,
 Nor mingled with the menial flock :
 And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
 • And often mutter'd, « Lost ! lost ! lost ! »

He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he :
 And he of his service was full fain ;
 For once he had been ta'en or slain.

An' it had not been his ministry.
 All between Home and Hermitage,
 Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
 And took with him this elvish Page,
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes :
 For there, beside our Lady's lake,
 An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows.
 But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band
 Of the best that would ride at her command ;
 The trysting place was Newark Lee.
 Wat of Harden came thither amain,
 And thither came John of Thirlestane,
 And thither came William of Deloraine ;
 They were three hundred spears and three.
 Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
 Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
 They came to St Mary's lake ere day ;
 But the chapel was void, and the Baron away
 They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
 And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green wood,
 As under the aged oak he stood,

The Baron's courser pricks his cars,
 As if a distant noise he hears;
 The Dwarf waves his long'lean arm on high,
 And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
 No time was then to vow or sigh.
 Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove:*
 The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
 Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
 And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
 Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,
 The Minstrel's voice began to fail:
 Full slyly smiled the observant page,
 And gave the wither'd hand of age
 A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
 He raised the silver cup on high,
 And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
 And all who cheer'd a son of song.
 The attending maidens smiled to see,
 How long, how deep, how zealously,
 The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd;
 And he, embolden'd by the draught,
 Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.
 The cordial nectar of the bowl
 Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul;
 A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
 Ere thus his tale again began.

* Wood-pigeon.

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.
CANTO THIRD.

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of Love?—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name Love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,

He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
 But the Page shouted wild and shrill—
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
 When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came pricking on.
 That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray,
 Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay;
 His armour red with many a stain:
 He seem'd in such a weary plight,
 As if he had ridden the live-long night;
 For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest;
 For his ready spear was in his rest.
 Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That mark'd the foemen's feudal hate,
 For question fierce and proud reply,
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
 Their very coursers seem'd to know
 That each was other's mortal foe,
 And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
 To give each knight his vantage ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
 He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
 The prayer was to his patron saint,
 The sigh was to his ladye fair.
 Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
 Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;

But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
And spurr'd his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail.
And his plumes went scattering on the gale:
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and action past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy rolled his brain—
His foe lay stretch'd upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his Page to staunch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:

His noble mind was inly moved
 For the kin-man of the maid he loved.
 "This shalt thou do without delay;
 No longer here myself may stay:
 Unless the swifter I speed away,
 Short shrift will be at my dying day."—

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
 The Goblin-Page behind abode;
 His Lord's command he ne'er withstood,
 Though small his pleasure to do good.
 As the corslet off he took,
 The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
 Much he marvell'd, a knight of pride
 Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride:
 He thought not to search or staunch the wound
 Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
 Resisted long the elfin grasp;
 For when the first he had undone,
 It closed as he the next begun.
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,
 Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
 Till he smear'd the cover o'er
 With the Borderer's curdled gore;
 A moment then the volume spread,
 And one short spell therein he read.
 It had much of glamour¹ might,
 Could make a ladye seem a knight;

¹ Magical delusion.

The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall; •
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling¹ seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, nought was truth. •

X. •

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he mutter'd, and no more—
"Man of age, thou smitest sore!"
No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry;
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before,
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so not I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd
To do his master's high behest :
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome hall,
Before the beards of the wardeners all;

• A shepherd's hut.

And each did after swear and say,
 There only pass'd a wain of hay.
 He took him to Lord David's tower,
 Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
 And, but that stronger spells were spread,
 And the door might not be opened,
 He had laid him on her very bed.
 • Whate'er he did of gramarye,¹
 Was always done maliciously;
 He flung the warrior on the ground,
 And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
 He spied the fair young child at sport:
 He thought to train him to the wood;
 For, at a word, be it understood,
 He was always for ill, and never for good.
 Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
 Led him forth to the woods to play;
 On the draw-bridge the warders stout
 Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
 Until they came to a woodland brook;
 The running stream dissolved the spell,
 And his own elvish shape he took.
 Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
 He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
 Or, with his fingers long and lean,
 Had strangled him in fiendish spleen. “

¹ Magic.

But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wond'rous change,
And frighten'd, as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay
He fear'd to see that grisly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting off, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray,—
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nigher still, and nigher;
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.

Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
 He flew at him right furiously.
 I ween you would have seen with joy
 The bearing of the gallant boy,
 When, worthy of his noble sire,
 His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!
 He faced the blood-hound manfully,
 And held his little bat on high;
 So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
 At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,
 But still in act to spring;
 When dash'd an Archer through the glade,
 And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
 He drew his tough bow-string;
 But a rough voice cried, «Shoot not, hoy!
 Ho! shoot not, Edward—"T is a boy!"

• XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
 And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
 And quell'd the ban-dog's ire:
 He was an English yeoman good,
 And born in Lancashire.
 Well could he hit a fallow deer
 Five hundred feet him fro;
 With hand more true, and eye more clear,
 No archer bended bow.
 His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
 Set off his sun-burnt face;
 Old England's sign, St George's cross,
 His barret-cap did grace;
 His bugle-horn hung by his side,
 All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;

And his short faulchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scanty to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbished sheaf bore he;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee;
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
"Now, by St George," the archer cries,
"Edward, methinks we have a prize!
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Shew he is come of high degree."

XIX.

"Yes! I am some of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;

And, if thou dost not let me go,
 Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
 I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow !”

XX.

« Gramercy, for thy good will, fair boy!
 My mind was never set so high;
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,
 And art the son of such a man,
 And ever comest to thy command,
 Our wardens had need to keep good order:
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
 Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
 Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
 I think our work is well begun,
 When we have taken thy father's son.»—

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
 In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
 For so the Dwarf his part did play;
 And in the shape of that young boy,
 He wrought the castle much annoy.
 The comrades of the young Buccleuch
 He pinched, and beat, and overthrew;
 Nay, some of them he well nigh slew.
 He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
 And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
 He lighted the match of his bandelier,¹
 And woefully scorched the hackbutteer.²

¹ *Bandelier*, belt for carrying ammunition.

² *Hackbutteer*, musketeer.

It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guess'd,
That the young Baron was possess'd!

XXII.

Well I ween, the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd;
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.

Much she wonder'd to find him lie,
On the stone threshold stretch'd along;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong;
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she staunch'd the blood;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :
No longer by his couch she stood;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
When'er she turn'd it round and round,
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of a night and day.

Full long she toil'd; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
'T was near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour,
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
'Touch'd a wild note, and, all between,
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
O, 't is the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,

Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river, rang around.
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward, in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly toss
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud.—
“On Penchryst glows a bale¹ of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome,² every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout.—
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
For, when they see the blazing bale,
Elliot and Armstrongs never fail.—
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!
And warn the Warden of the strife.—
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise.”—

¹ *Bale*, Leacon-faggot.

² *Mount for Branksome*, was the gathering word of the Scotts.

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
 While loud the harness rang,
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprang;
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
 And leader's voices, mingled notes,
 And out! and out!
 In hasty route,
 The horsemen gallop'd forth;
 Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north,
 To view their coming enemies,
 And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
 Awaked the need-fire's¹ slumbering brand,
 And ruddy blush'd the heaven;
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
 Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
 All flaring and uneven.
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
 Each with warlike tidings fraught;
 Each from each the signal caught;
 Each after each they glanced to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn²
 Haunted by the lonely earn;³

¹ *Need-fire*, beacon.² *Tarn*, a mountain lake.³ *Earn*, a Scottish eagle.

•
THE LAST MINSTREL.

On many a cairn's¹ gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne² them for the Border.

•
XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang
Sent forth the larum peal;
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yelled within.

•
XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil,
Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile;
Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor in what time the truce he sought
Some said, that there were thousands ten,
And others ween'd that it was naught

•
Cairn, a pile of stones.

Bowne, make ready.

But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail ;¹
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back agen.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song ;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer ;
No son, to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way ?
“ Ay, once he had—but he was dead ! ”—
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

¹ Protection-money exacted by freebooters.

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL
•
CANTO FOURTH.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know:
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour, my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.

Why, when the volleying musket play'd
 Against the bloody Highland blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid!—
 Enough—he died the death of fame;
 Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III.

Now over Border dale and fell
 Full wide and far was terror spread;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.
 The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
 And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
 While ready warriors seized the spear.
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Shew'd southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 • “Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
 Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,
 Comes wading through the flood.
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
 It was but last St Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night,
 But fled at morning; well they knew,
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.
 Right sharp has been the evening shower,
 That drove him from his Liddel tower;

And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
 "I think 'twill prove a Warden-~~faid~~." ¹

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
 Entered the echoing barbican.
 He led a small and shaggy nag,
 'That through a bog, from hag to hag, ²
 Could bound like any Billhope stag.
 It bore his wife and children twain;
 A half-clothed serf ³ was all their train.
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
 Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
 Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
 He was of stature passing tall,
 But sparely form'd, and lean withal:
 A battered morion on his brow;
 A leathern jack, as fence enow,
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
 A Border axe behind was slung;
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
 Seem'd newly dyed with gore;
 His shafts and bow, of wonderous strength,
 His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
 The tidings of the English foe:
 "Belted Will Howard is marching here,
 And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,

¹ An inroad commanded by the Warden in person.

² The broken ground in a bog. ³ Bondsman.

And all the German hackbut-men,¹
 Who have long lain at Askerten :
 They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,
 And burnt my little lonely tower;
 The fiend receive their souls therefor!
 It had not been burnt this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight;
 But I was chased the live-long night.
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
 Full fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turn'd at Priestthaugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
 I had him long at high despite,
 He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
 Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale;
 As far as they could judge by ken,
 Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
 • Three thousand armed Englishmen.—
 Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
 From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
 Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
 There was saddling and mounting in haste,
 There was pricking o'er moor and lea,
 He that was last at the trysting place
 • Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

¹ Musketeers.

VIII.

From fair St Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
Array'd beneath a banner bright.
The treasured fleur-de-luce he claims
To wreath his shield, since royal James,
Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
For faith 'mid feudal jars;
What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
Hence his high motto shines revealed—
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low,
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.

Marauding chief! his sole delight
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
 Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
 In youth, might tame his rage for arms;
 And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet press'd,
 Albeit the blanch'd locks below
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow :
 Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
 Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
 By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 Harken, Ladye, to the tale,
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.
 The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
 High of heart, and haughty of word,
 Little they reck'd of a tame liege lord.
 The Earl to fair Eskdale came,
 Homage and seignory to claim:
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot¹ he sought,
 Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."

¹ The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot, or Herezeld.

—“Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he help’d me at pinch of need;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.”—
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison’s ire,
But that the Earl his flight had ta’en,
The vassals there their lord had slain;
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome’s lord he spoke,
Saying—“Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I’ll sell thee, to have and hold :
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons’ clan
If thou leavest on Esk a landed man;
But spare Woodkerrick’s lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.”—
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr’d amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta’en.
He left his merry men in the mist of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train

To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :—
 « Know thou me for thy liege lord and head; .
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
 Give me in peace my heriot due,
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
 If my horn I three times wind,
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.»—

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in scorn;
 « Little care we for thy winded horn.
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
 With rusty spur and miry boot.»—
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
 That the dun deer started at far Craikcross
 He blew again so loud and clear,
 Through the grey mountain mist there did lances
 appear;
 And the third blast rang with such a din,
 That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,
 And all his riders came lightly in.
 Then had you seen a gallant shock,
 When saddles were emptied, and lances broke!
 For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
 A Beattison on the field was laid.
 His own good sword the chieftain drew,
 And he bore the Galliard through and through;
 Where the Beattison's blood mix'd with the rill,
 The Galliard's Haugh, men call it still.

The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-clough to Hindhaugh-swaire,
From Woodhousclie to Chester-glen,
Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden.
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.

The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose;
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes.
"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The Red Cross, on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven's nest;
Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to
wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily Page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear,

And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
 The attendants to the Ladye told,
 Some fairy sure had changed the child,
 That wont to be so free and bold.
 Then wrathful was the noble dame;
 She blush'd blood-red for very shame;
 Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleugh!—
 Wat Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
 That coward should e'er be son of mine!—

XV.

A heavy task Wat Tinlinn had
 To guide the counterfeited lad.
 Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
 Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
 He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
 It cost Wat Tinlinn mickle toil
 To drive him but a Scottish mile;
 But, as a shallow brook they cross'd,
 The elf, amid the running stream,
 His figure changed, like form in dream,
 And fled, and shouted, «Lost! lost! lost!»
 Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
 But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
 Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
 And pierced his shoulder through and through.
 Although the imp might not be slain,
 And though the wound soon heal'd again,
 Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain;

And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood :
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border-pipes and bugles blown ;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
And measured tread of marching men,
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear ;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round :
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand :
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With virlles white, and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall,
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall ;

3.

And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
 Played, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the
 Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay;
 The camp their home, their law the sword,
 They knew no country, own'd no lord.
 They were not arm'd like England's sons,
 But bore the levin-darting guns;
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er,
 And morsing horns¹ and scarfs they wore;
 Each better knce was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade;
 And, as they marched, in rugged tongue,
 Sounds of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
 And louder still the minstrels blew,
 When from beneath the greenwood tree
 Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
 His men at arms, with glaive and spear
 Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
 There many a youthful knight, full ke
 To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
 With favour in his crest, or glove,
 Memorial of his ladye-love.

¹ Powder-flasks.

So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, « St George for merry England! »

XX.

Now every English eye, intent,
On Branksome's armed towers was bent:
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partizan;
Falcon and culver, ' on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where, upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait;
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a peeled willow wand;

Ancient pieces of artillery.

His squire, attending in the rear,
 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
 When they espied him riding out,
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
 Sped to the front of their array,
 To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

“Ye English warden lords, of you
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 Why, ’gainst the truce of Border-tide,
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band,
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
 My Ladye redes you swith return;
 And if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest,
 As scare one swallow from her nest,
 St Mary! but we’ll light a brand,
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.”

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre’s lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word:—
 “May ’t please thy dame, Sir Seneschal,
 To seek the castle’s outward wall,
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show,
 Both why we came, and when we go.—
 The message sped, the noble Dame
 To the wall’s outward circle came;
 Each chief around lean’d on his spear,
 To see the pursuivant appear.

All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
The lion argent decked his breast:
He led a boy of blooming hue—
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said :

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the western wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rauk and birth
To make your towers a flemen's-firth.¹
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain;²
It was but last St Cuthbert's even
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried³ the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widowed Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,⁴
And storm and spoil thy garrison:
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."—

¹ An asylum for outlaws.

² Border treason.

³ Plundered.

⁴ Note of assault.

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the Boy did cry,
 And stretch'd his little arms on high,
 Implored for aid each well-known face,
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
 A moment chagged that Lady's cheer,
 Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear;
 She gazed upon the leaders round,
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast
 She locked the struggling sigh to rest;
 Unalter'd and collected stood,
 And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.

“ Say to your Lords of high emprise,
 Who war on women and on boys,
 That either William of Deloraine
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
 Or else he will the combat take
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good,
 But William may count with him kin and blood.
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
 When English blood swell'd Ancram ford;
 And but that Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bore him ably in the flight,
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,
 God be his aid, and God be mine;
 Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high:
Our slogan is their lyke-wake¹ dirge,
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.”—

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame,
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
“St Mary for the young Buccleuch!”
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each southern spear:
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bow-string to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

“Ah! noble Lords!” he, breathless, said,
“What treason has your march betray'd?
What make you here, from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-shaw;²
The ^haces, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;

¹ *Lyke-wake*, the watching a corpse previous to interment.

² *Weapon-shaw*, the military array of a country.

And on the Liddel's northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
 Beneath the eagle and the rood;
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come!
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home.
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I've wandered long;
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong;
 And hard I've spurr'd all night, to shew
 The mustering of the coming foe."—

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
 "For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
 That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee,
 From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
 Level each harquebuss on row;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
 Dacre for England, win or die!"

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words the words of fear"
 For who, in field or foray slack,
 Saw the blanché lion e'er fall back?

But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight, and if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,
'T is but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they camp,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."—

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother-warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he staid,
And slow and sullenly obey'd.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:—

" If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
 Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain :
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.
 Howe'er it falls, the English band,
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unarm'd,
 In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

• XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd ;
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew
 How tardy was the Regent's aid :
 And you may guess the noble Danie
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed,
 That lists should be inclosed with speed,
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn :
 They fix'd the morrow for the strife,
 On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
 • When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
 Or else a champion in his stead,
 Should for himself and chieftain stand
 Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand. •

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,
‘ Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course ;
But he, the jovial Harper, taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of black Lord Archibald’s battle laws,
In the old Douglas’ day.
He brook’d not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue:
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The Bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot’s side in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stain’d with blood;
Where still the thorn’s white branches wave,
Memorial o’er his rival’s grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragg’d my master to his tomb ;
How Ousenam’s maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,
Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died!—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,

To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before ;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused : the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer,—
In pity half, and half sincere,—
Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
Of manners, long since changed and gone ;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled ;
In sooth, 't was strange, this old man's verse ;
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well-pleased ; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear.
A simple race ! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile ;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires ;
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well pleased, the aged man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.
CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that, when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song.
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.

The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,
 From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :
 The phantom knight, his glory fled,
 Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead ;
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle-plain :
 The chief, whose antique crownlet long
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,
 Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
 His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
 His place, his power, his memory die :
 His groans the lonely caverns fill,
 His tears of rage impel the rill ;
 All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
 The terms of truce were scarcely made,
 When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
 The advancing march of martial powers :
 Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
 And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
 Bright spears, above the columns dun,
 Glanced momentary to the sun ;
 And feudal banners fair display'd
 The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
 From the fair Middle Marches came ;

The bloody heart blazed in the van,
 Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!
 Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
 Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
 Their men in battle-order set;,
 And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
 That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
 Of Clarence's Plantagenet.
 Nor lists I say what hundreds more,
 From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
 And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
 Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
 And Hepburn's mingled banners come.
 Down the steep mountain glittering far,
 And shouting still, « A Home! a Home!»

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
 On many a courteous message went;
 To every chief and lord they paid
 Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
 And told them,—how a truce was made,
 And how a day of fight was ta'en
 'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
 And how the Ladye pray'd them dear,
 That all would stay the fight to see,
 And deign, in love and courtesy,
 To taste of Branksome cheer.
 Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
 Were England's noble lords forgot;
 Himself, the hoary Seneschal,
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
 Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.

Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry, Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies met?
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set:
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand:
They met, and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised, and faces shewn,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
 Or sign of war been seen,
 Those bands, so fair together ranged,
 Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
 Had dyed with gore the green :
 The merry shout by Teviot-side
 Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
 And in the groan of death ;
 And whingers, ¹ now in friendship bare,
 The social meal to part and share,
 Had found a bloody sheath. .
 Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
 Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
 In the old Border-day :
 But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
 In peaceful merriment, sunk down
 The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay
 Decay'd not with the dying day ;
 Soon through the latticed windows tall
 Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
 Divided square by shafts of stone,
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;
 Nor less the gilded rafters rang
 With merry harp and beakers' clang :
 And frequent, on the darkening plain, ,
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
 As bands, their stragglers to regain,
 Give the shrill watch-word of their clan ;

¹ A sort of knife, or poniard

And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died;
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save, when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh:
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
 Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort.
 Had rung the live-long yesterday;
 Now still as death; till, stalking slow,—
 The jingling spurs announced his tread,—
 A stately warrior pass'd below;
 But when he raised his plumed head—
 Blessed Mary! can it be?—
 Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
 He walks through Branksome's hostile towers.
 With fearless step and free.
 She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
 Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
 His blood the price must pay!
 Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
 Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
 Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small; for well
 You may bethink you of the spell
 Of that sly urchin Page;
 This to his lord he did impart,
 And made him seem, by glamour art,
 A knight from Hermitage,
 Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post,
 The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
 For all the vassalage:
 But, O! what magic's quaint disguise
 Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!

She started from her seat ;
 While with surprise and fear she strove,
 And both could scarcely master love —
 Lord Henry 's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
 That vile malicious urchin had
 To bring this meeting round ;
 For happy love 's a heavenly sight,
 And by a vile malignant sprite
 In such no joy is found ;
 And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
 Their erring passion might have wrought
 Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;
 And death to Cranstoun's gallant knight,
 And to the gentle ladye bright,
 Disgrace, and loss of fame.
 But earthly spirit could not tell
 The heart of them that loved so well.
 True love 's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven.
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die ;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind.—
 Now leave we Margaret and her knight,
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blast the bugles blew,
 The pipe's shrill port¹ aroused each clan;
 'In haste, the deadly strife to view,
 The trooping warriors eager ran:
 Thick round the lists their lances stood,
 Like blasted pines in Ettricke wood;
 To Branksome many a look they threw,
 The combatants' approach to view,
 And bandied many a word of boast,
 About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the dame;
 For now arose disputed claim,
 Of who should fight for Deloraine,
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane:
 They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
 And frowning brow on brow was bent;
 But yet not long the strife—for, lo!
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
 Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,
 In armour sheath'd from top to toe,
 Appear'd, and craved the combat due.
 The Dame her charm successful knew,²
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
 The stately Lady's silken rein

¹ A martial piece of music adapted to the bagpipes.

² See p. 49, Stanza 23.

Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walk'd,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slash'd, and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground;
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound.
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguess'd,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
• An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he long'd to see the fight.
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
• Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field;
While to each knight their care assign'd
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In king and queen, and warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate heralds spoke:—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause!

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his coat;
And that, so help him God above,
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat.

LORD DACRE.

Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!—

LORD HOME.

——“God defend the right!”
Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight;

For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
 Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
 Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
 And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
 To yield a step for death or life.

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
 Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain;
 He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
 Thence never shalt thou rise again!
 He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
 Undo the visor's barred band,
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
 And give him room for life to gasp;—
 O, bootless aid!—haste, holy friar,
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
 Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
 And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy friar sped;—
 His naked foot was dyed with red,
 As through the lists he ran;
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,
 That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
 He raised the dying man;
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer;
 And still the crucifix on high
 He holds before his darkening eye;
 And still he bends an anxious ear,
 His faltering penitence to hear;

Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!—
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the throng'd array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran.
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd around,
As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
“And who art thou,” they cried,
“Who hast this battle fought and won?”
His plumed helm was soon undone—
“Cranstoun of Teviot-side!”
For this fair prize I've fought and won,
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast;
For, under all her dauntless shqw,
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet. • •
Me list not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united pray'd,
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirits' prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—
“Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quell'd, and love is free.”
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she
“As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be,
For this is your betrothing-day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company—”.

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
 Much of the story she did gain ;
 How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
 And of his Page, and of the book
 Which from the wounded knight he took ;
 And how he sought her castle high,
 That morn, by help of gramarye ;
 How, in Sir Will'am's armour dight,
 Stolen by his Page, while slept the knight,
 He took on him the single fight.
 But half his tale he left unsaid,
 And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—
 Cared not the Ladye to betray
 Her mystic arts in view of day ;
 But well she thought, ere midnight came,
 Of that strange Page the pride to tame,
 From his foul hands the book to save,
 And send it back to Michael's grave.—
 Needs not to tell each tender word
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord :
 Nor how she told of former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose,
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows.
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell ;
 One day, fair maids, you 'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
 Had waken'd from his deathlike trance :
 And taught that, in the listed plain, '
 Another, in his arms and shield,
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,

Under the name of Deloraine.
 Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
 And hence, his presence scared the clan,
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,¹
 And not a man of blood and breath.
 Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved.
 He greeted him right heartilie :
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate,
 Though rude, and scant of courtesy ;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
 Unless when men at arms withstood,
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :
 And so 't was seen of him, e'en now,
 When on dead Musgrave he look'd down ;
 Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,
 Though half disguised with a frown ;
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made.

XXIX.

" Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !
 I ween, my deadly enemy ;
 For, if I slew thy brother dear,
 Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,
 Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
 Thou ransom'd for a thousand mark,

¹ The spectral apparition of a living person.

Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
 And thou wert now alive, as I,
 No mortal man should us divide,
 Till one, or both of us, did die :
 Yet rest thee, God ! for well I know
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
 In all the northern counties here,
 Whose word is, snaffle, spur, and spear,¹
 Thou wert the best to follow gear.
 'T was pleasure, as we look'd behind,
 To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
 And with the bugle rouse the fray !
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
 Were bowning back to Cumberland.
 They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
 And laid him on his bloody shield ;
 On levell'd lances, four and four,
 By turns, the noble burden bore.
 Before, at times, upon the gale,
 Was heard the minstrel's plaintive wail ;
 Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
 Sung requiem for the warrior's soul ;
 Around, the horsemen slowly rode ;
 With trailing pikes the spearmen trod ;

¹ The lands, that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
 Have for their blazon had, the snaffle, spur, and spear.

And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Home Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong,
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause they bade him tell,
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous southern land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy;
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear,
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel's strain.

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams are left ;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me ! to Branksome Hall
 The Minstrels came, at festive call ;
 Trooping they came, from near and far,
 The jovial priests of mirth and war :
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,
 Battle and banquet both they shared.
 Of late, before each martial clan,
 They blew their death-note in the van,
 But now, for every merry mate, ,
 * Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How muster'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furr'd with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound :
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise.

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these :—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell :
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour :
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;

A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon ;
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share :
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St Mary's wave,
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery ;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream, '
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;

Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly cross'd,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men call Dickon Draw-the-Sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose :
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath :
But ever from that time, 't was said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,

Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman bold and free,
Revell'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinkinn, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
"A deep carouse to yon fair bride!"
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foam'd forth, in floods, the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one,
Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily Page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought,
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife:
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer;
Then to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:

The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
 Long after rued the bodkin's point,
 The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
 And board and flagons overturn'd.
 Riot and clamour wild began:
 Back to the hall the urchin ran;
 Took in a darkling nook his post,
 And grinn'd, and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray
 Should mar the concord of the day,
 Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.
 And first stept forth old Albert Græme,
 The minstrel of that ancient name.
 Was none who struck the harp so well.
 Within the Land Debateable;
 Well friended too, his hardy kin,
 Whoever lost, were sure to win;
 They sought the beeves that made their broth
 In Scotland and in England both.
 In homely guise, as nature bade,
 His simple song the Borderer said.

XI

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,

But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all you lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court :
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame!
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When evening came, with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant staid,
And deemed, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.

He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
 Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
 And, faithful to his patron's name,
 With Howard still Fitztraver came;
 Lord William's foremost favourite he,
 And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'T was All-souls eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
 He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
 Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
 When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
 To shew to him the Ladye of his heart,
 Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim:
 Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
 That he should see her form in life and limb,
 And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of
 him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
 To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
 Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
 A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
 On mystic implements of magic might;
 On cross, and character, and talisman,
 And almagest, and altar, nothing bright;
 For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
 As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
 Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;

And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
• To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in
gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant— but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
Some strain, that seem'd her inmost soul to find:—
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine.
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI.

Both Scots and Southern chiefs prolong
• Applauses of Fitztraver's song:

These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.—
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair;
St Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst St Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!—
Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave;
And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food:
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald hath told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—

Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
 Whose monstrous circle girds the world :
 Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
 Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;
 Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
 By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
 Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
 Their faulchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,
 Waked the deaf tomb with wars' alarms,
 And bade the dead arise to arms !
 With war and wonder all on flame,
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
 He learn'd a milder minstrelsy :
 Yet something of the northern spell
 Mixed with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—« Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !

And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy frith to-day.

•
 « The blackening wave is edged with white
 To inch ' and rock the sea mews fly ;

The fishers have heard the water sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathe a ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy frith to-day ? ”

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle. ” —

O’er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
’Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seen’d all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie ;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem’d all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale :

Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

• Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle?
Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog,
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;



The elvish Page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, muttered, "Found! found! found!"

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elvish Page it broke.
It broke, with thunder long and loud,
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish Dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall.
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the Page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.

The guests in silence pray'd and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonish'd train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him, of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.¹
At length, by fits he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott!

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling, heard the wondrous tale.
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St Bride of Douglas make,
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some blessed saint his prayers address'd

Some to St Modan made their vows,
 Some to St M^{ary} of the Lowes,
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle;
 Some to our Ladye of the Isle;
 Each did his p^{at}ron witness make,
 That he such pilgrimage would take,
 And monks should sing and bells should toll,
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.
 While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,
 'Tis said the noble Dame, dismay'd,
 Renounced, for aⁿye, dark magic's aid.

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
 Which after in short space befel;
 Nor how brave sons, and daughters fair,
 Bless'd Teviot's Flower and Granstoun's heir:
 After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
 To wake the note of mirth again.
 More meet it were to mark the day
 Of penitence and prayer divine,
 When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
 Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go;
 The standers-by might hear uneath,
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
 Through all the lengthen'd row:
 No lordly look, nor martial stride;
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,

Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altars' hallow'd side,
And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnish'd niche around
Stern saints and tortur'd martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due.
The holy fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper, and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner flourish'd fair
With the Redeemer's name:
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred abbot stretch'd his hand,
And bless'd them as they kneel'd:
With holy cross he sign'd them all,
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
The mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;

And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song,—

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,

SOLVET SECLUM IN FAVILLA;

While the pealing organ rung;

Were it meet with sacred strain

To close my lay, so light and vain,

Thus the holy fathers sung.

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be 'Tnot the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No:—close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower:

A simple hut; but there was seen •
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Of heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high.
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear.
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE I.

The feast was over in Branksome tower.—P. 9.

In the reign of James I. Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one half of the barony of Branksome, or Branxholm,¹ lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettricke Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,² and much of the forest land on the river Ettricke. In Teviotdale he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III. 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to

¹ Branxholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

² There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current, in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot, an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchell says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

from the English borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him his estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in *blanche* for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscription. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend: "SIR W. SCOTT OF BRANXHEIM KNYT YOE OF SIR WILLIAM SCOTT OF KIRKHURD KNYT BEGAN YE WORK UPON YE 24 OF MARCH 1571, ZIER QUHA DEPARTIT AT GOD'S PLEISOUR YE 17 APRIL 1574." On a similar compartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, "DAVE MARGARET DOUGLAS HIS SPOUS COMPLEITIT THE FORSAID WORK IN OCTOBER 1576." Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:—

W. VARLD. NOCHT. NATURE. HES. BROUGHT. TAT. SAIL. LENT
AY.

HURFORD. SERVE. GOD. KEIP. VEIL. YE. ROD. THY. FAMF. SAL
NOCHT. DEKAY.

IR WALTER SCOTT OF BRANKHOLM KNIGHT. MARGARET DOUG-
LAS, 1571.

Branksome castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a steep bank surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocate's Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations which have been formed by the late noble proprietor, around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

NOTE II.

*Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.*—P. 9.

The ancient Barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour, and from their frontier situation, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchell tells us, in his dog-grel poetry,

No baron was better served into Britain,
 The barons of Buckleugh they kept their call,
 Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
 All being of his name and kin;
 Each two had a servant to wait upon him;
 Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
 The bells rung and the trumpets sowned,
 And more than that, I do confess,
 They kept four and twenty pensioners.
 Think not I lie, nor do me blame,
 For the pensioners I can all name:
 There's men alive, elder than I.
 They know if I speak truth, or lie,
 Every pensioner a room¹ did gain,
 For service done and to be done;
 This I'll let the reader understand.
 The name both of the men and land.
 Which they possessed, it is of truth,
 Both from the lairds and lords of Buckleugh

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buckleugh, and describes the lands which each possessed for his border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, "These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstones of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise them. It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rent of these lands, which the lairds and lords of Buckleugh did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a-year."—*History of the Name of Scott*, p. 45. An immense sum in those times.

NOTE III

And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow.—P. 13.

"At a truth," says Froissart, "the Scottish cannot boast great

¹ Room, portion of land

skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood-axe was a sort of *paraisan*, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

NOTE IV.

*They watch against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroope, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,*

From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.—P 11

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was, to kill, or make prisoner, the laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. *Calig. B. VIII. f. 222.*

"Pleaseth yt your most gracious highnes to be aduertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotland, for the annoysaunce of your highnes enemyes, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was toward me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discrecions vpon the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and soo they dyde mete vpon Monday, before nyght, being the iij day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, uppon North Tyne water, above Tyndaill, where they were to the number of xv c men, and soo invaded Scotland, at the hour of viii of the klok at nyght, at a place called Whele Gausay; and before xi of the klok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddisdaill, and laide all the resydewe in a bushment, and actyvely dyd set vpon a towne called Branxholm, where the lord of Buclough dwellythe, and purposed theymeselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed man-

ner, in rysyng, to all traves, albeit, that knight he was not at home, and soo they brynt the said Braxholm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelley, and haill ordered theymeself soo, that sundry of the said Lord Bucclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyl, without the gate of the said Lord Bucclough vnbrynt; and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Bucclough to be within iii or iiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment, and soo in the breyking of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mene, and reculed homeward, making theyr way westward from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdall, as intending yf the fray frome theyre furst entry by the Scotts waiches, or otherwyse by warring, shulde have bene gyven to Gedworth and the countrey of Scotland theyreabouts of theyre invasion, whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi myles, that thereby the Scots shalde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre, and soo upon sundry good consideracons, before they entered Lyddersdall, as well accompting the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highnes, and to enforce theyme the more thereby, as alsoo to put an occasion of suspect to the kinge of Scotts and his counsaill, to be taken aenest theyme, amonges theymselves, made proclamations, commanding, vpon payne of death, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdall, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglysmen vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre abowte the howre of ten of the klok before noon, vppone Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdall, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants, there to my servauntes, under the said assurance, offering theymselves with any service they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to Godde, your highnes' subjects, abowte the howre of vii of the klok at none the same daye, came into this youre highnes' realme, bringing wt theyme above xl Scotts-men prisoners, one of theyme, named Scot, of the surname and kin of the said Lord of Bucclough, and of his howsehold; they brought alsoo ccc mares, and above lx horses and mares, keeping in sayetic frome loss or hurte all your said highnes subject. There was alsoo

a towne, called Newbyggins, by diverse towne of Fyndaill and Wyddesdaill, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was thynne ii Scottsmen of the said towne, and many Scotts there hurte; your highnes subjects was xiii myles within the grounde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Werkworthe, above ix miles of the most evill passage, where great snowes dothe lye; heretofore the same townes now brynt hath not at any time in the mynd of man in any warrs been enterprised unto now; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highnes service, the said Lord of Buccleugh beyng always a mortall enemy to this your graces realme, and he dyd say, within xiii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certainly laid to my said servaunts, before theyre enterpryce maid vppon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that youre highnes thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent service of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me annoysaunce of your highnes enemys." In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. II. p. 318.

NOTE V.

*Bards long shall tell,
How Lord Walter fell.*—P. 11.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Pittscottie, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they .

liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the king (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home-passing, and there to take him out of the Douglass's hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (rest) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

« This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the king's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the king's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the king desired. And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the king's home-coming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the king returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

« But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernyhirst, (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr,) took their leave of the king, and returned home, then appeared the laird of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the king's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the king in this manner, 'Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your grace from the gate (i. e. interrupt your passage). I owe to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this

know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thives off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The king turned still, as was devised, and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the king's own servants; but all the lave (rest) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered, cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darnlinver,¹ either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the king in all possible haste, with him the lairds of Cessfoord and Fairnyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the lairds of Cessfoord and Fairnyhirst followed furiously, till at the foot of a path the laird of Cessfoord was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliott, who was then servant to the laird of Buccleuch. But when the laird of Cessfoord was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the king to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morn they passed to Edinburgh with the king, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the laird of Cessfoord, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which¹ died in defence of the king, and at the command of his writing.*

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses:

VALTERIUS SCOTUS BALCLUCHIUS.

Egregio suscepto facinore libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus gestis;
clarus, sub JACOBO V. A^o. Christi, 1526.

¹ Darnwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner Field, from a corruption of *Skinner's Field*.

Intentata aliis, nullique audita priorum
 Audet, nec pavidum morsve, metusve quatit,
 Libertatem aliis soliti transcribere Reges :
 Subreptam hanc Regi restituisse paras,
 Si vincis, quanta ô succedunt præmia dextræ;
 Sin victus, falsas spes jace, pone animam.
 Hostica vis nocuit : stant altæ robora mentis
 Atque decus. Vincet, Rege probante, fides.
 Insit queis animis virtus, quosque acrior ardor
 Obsidet, obscuris nox premat an tenebris?

Heroes ex omni Historia Scoticæ lectissimi, Auctore Johan-
 Jonstonio Abredonensæ Scoto, 1683.

In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a dead-
 ly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of
 all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many
 years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his
 estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the
 Kerrs, and restored by act of parliament, dated 15th March,
 1545, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most
 signal act of violence, to which this quarrel gave rise, was the
 murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the
 streets of Edinburgh, in 1552. This is the event alluded to in
 Stanza VII.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it
 had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in
 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh
 with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting
 would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year,
 Colvil, in a letter to Mr Bacon, informs him, * that there was
 great trouble on the Borders, which would continue till order
 should be taken by the queen of England and the king, by rea-
 son of the two young Scots chieftains, Cessford and Buccleugh,
 and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the
 Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quar-
 rel betwixt these two lairds, on the Borders, which was like to
 have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had

reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other, were now transferred upon England: not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Birou and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy, than they would have done if they had been at concord together."—Birch's *Memorials*, vol. II. p. 67.

NOTE VI.

*No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew.*—P. 12.

Among other expedients resorted to for staunching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed, in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Ryoll, in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed and wounded to the death a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was bishop of Cambray. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryoll, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset, and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his

father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—*Cronycle of FROISSART*, vol. I. p. 123.

NOTE VII.

While Cessford owns the rule of Car.—P. 12

The family of Ker,^c Kerr, or Car,¹ was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills.—It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was founded by Halbert, or Halby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Ker of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief: Hence the distinction betwixt Kers of Cessford and Fairnihurst.

NOTE VIII.

Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed.—P. 13.

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun,^c are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

NOTE IX.

Of Bethunc's line of Picardie.—P. 13.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated

¹ The name is spelled differently by the various families who bear it. Car is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree, that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darnley's murder « the Erle of Bothwell, Mr James Balfour, the person of Fliske Mr David Chalmers, black Mr John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Buckleuch. »

NOTE X.

*He learned the art, that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.*—P. 13.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes—See the examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

NOTE XI.

*His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall.*—P. 13.

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun.

* This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1803, when the poem was originally written.—1821

Glycas informs us, that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—Hexwood's *Hierarchie*, p. 475. The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily, that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those, who have thus lost their shadow, always prove the best magicians.

NOTE XII.

The viewless forms of air.—P. 13.

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits residing in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelziar, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the crusaders be it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred confidently, that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelziar, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

—“Airy tongues, that syllable men's names,

• On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.”

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded

by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer,
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie.

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.—MACFARLANE'S MSS. I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

NOTE XIII.

A fencible moss-trooper, etc.—P. 16.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, "The Moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, it considered in their *Original, Increase, Hight, Decay, and Ruin*."

1. "Original. I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr Camden; and characterised by him to be, a *wild and warlike people*. They are called *Moss-troopers*, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar."

2. "Increase. When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their father's copy. They are like

to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their mottoe, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets: strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary: otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

3. *« Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies—the *Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Naworth*. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by day-light*. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse*.

4. *« Decay.* Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence, of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. BRACTON, lib. 8. trac. 2. cap. 11.—‘*Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite pereant, et secum suum judicium portent; et merito sine lege pereunt, qui secundum legem vivere recusarunt.*’—‘Thenceforward, (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf’s head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law.’

5. *« Ruine.* Such was the success of this worthy lord’s severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal

obedience, and so, I trust, will continue."—FULLER'S *Worthies of England*, p. 216.

The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of parliament were directed against them.

NOTE XIV.

*How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride.*

Exalt the Crescent and the Star.—P. 17.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Vert* on a cheveron, betwixt three unicorn's heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, an unicorn's head erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or* on a bend *azure*; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

NOTE XV.

William of Deloraine.—P. 17.

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch, in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545.—Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border-service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine, for his service." And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Has-sendean." The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, "it behoveth, in a lynage, some to be folyshe and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peasable." As contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the

same author, the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergue, who had been bribed to sell his strong-holds, and to assume a more honourable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But « when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was wonte dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherebye encreased his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' hym. Then he sayde and imagyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all thyng considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companions, 'Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sometyne found by the way a riche priour or merchaunt, or a route of mulettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fongans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcassone, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the fayres, or laden with spycery fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysandre: whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasures, dayly we gate new money, and the vyllaynes of Auvergue and of Lymosyn dayly provided and brought to our castell whete mele, good wyne, beffes, and fatte mottons, pullayne, and wylde foule: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for feare: all was ours goyng and comynge. Howe tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Compayne, and I and Perot of Bernoys took Calused: how dyd we scale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousand frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe; wherefore I repute myselve sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the day that I gave it up, it was fourtysh with vytalles, to have been kept seven yere without any de-vytaylynge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me: Olyve

Barbe, and Perot le Bernoys, shewed to me how I shulde repent myself: certayne I sore repent myselfe of what I have done.—FROISSART, vol. II. p. 195.

NOTE XVI.

*By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Perry's best blood-hounds.*—P. 17.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water: thus leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up:

Rycht to the burn thai passyt ware,
Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar,
*And waneryt lang tyme ta and fra,
That he na certain gate couth ga;
Till at the lust that John of Lorn
Perseuivit the hund the sleuth had lorne

The Bruce, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdon, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a border sleuth-bratch, or blood-hound:

In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,
Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;
So was he used in Eske and Liddesdail,
While (i. e. till) she gat blood no fleeing might avail

“

In the retreat, Fawdon, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther: Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body.—

The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
Nor farther would fra time she fand the blood.

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn: He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdon, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdon upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes,

Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth, indeed,
Supposing it be no point of the creed.

The Wallace, Book v.

Mr Ellis has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry—*Specimens of English Poetry*, vol. I. p. 351.

NOTE XVII.

Dunly he v cweð the Moat-hill's mound.—P. 19.

This is a round artificial mound near Hawick, which, from its name (*Mot. Aug. Sax. Concilium, Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

NOTE XVIII.

Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.—P. 19.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendeau, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells:—

Hassendeau came without a call,
The ancientest house among them all

NOTE XIX.

On Minto-crag the moon-beams glint.—P. 30.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bel*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartforde, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter-Barnhills, and of Minto crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool to imagine, that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Grandfather to the present Earl.—1819

Al, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore.
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

NOTE XX.

Ancient Riddell's fair domain.—P. 20

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A. D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell, and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant more conclusively the epithet of "ancient Riddell:—1st, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, etc. of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed.—2d, A bull of Pope Adrian IV, confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3d, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother, Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whettunes, etc. and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4th, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favour of his

son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1120. It is remarkable, that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddel, and the Whittanes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil.—These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.

NOTE XXI.

As glanced his eye o'er Halidon.—P. 21.

Halidon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field.—See the 4th note on this Canto.

NOTE XXII.

Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran.—P. 21.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc. carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity, thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of *Galashiels*, a favourite Scottish air, ran thus:

● the monks of Melrose made gude kale¹

On Fridays when they fasted;

They wanted neither beef nor ale,

As long as their neighbour's lasted.

●¹ Kale, broth.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

NOTE I.

*When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.*—P. 23.

The buttresses, ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

NOTE II.

———*St. David's ruined pile.*—P. 23.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others, which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was *a sore saint for the crown*.

NOTE III.

——*Lands and livings many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their soul's repose.*—P. 24.

The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, baron of Murdieston and Binkelburn (now Buccleuch,) gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, *pro salute animarum suarum*.—*Chartulary of Melrose*, 28th May, 1415.

NOTE IV.

Prayer know I hardly one;

* * * *

Save to patter an Ave Mary,

When I ride on a Border foray.—P. 27.

* * * The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis*, or *Admo-*

nition, states, that the reformed divines were, so far from undertaking distant journies to convert the Heathen, "as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the lielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countrey men, who, for lack of preching and ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becom either infidells, or atheists." But we learn, from Lesly, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

NOTE V.

Beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.—P. 26.

The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus*.

NOTE VI.

*So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.*—P. 26.

"By my faith," said the Duke of Lancaster, (to a Portuguese squire,) "of all the feates of armes that the Castellians, and they of your countrey doth use, the castynge of their dartes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it; for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thurgh."—"By my fayth, sir," said the squyer, "ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skyrnishe, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stapped with sylke, and passed thurgh his body, so that he fell down dead."—FROISSART, vol. II. ch. 44.—This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Juego de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart:—"Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight, called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a

redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knyghte seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered dartes, and ryght well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his heed. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such dedes of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the king of Thune's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thune, after the discease of the king, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feats of armes. The knyghtes of Fraunce wold fayn have taken hym; but they colde never attrape nor inclose him, his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped."—Vol. II. ch. 71.

NOTE VII.

— *Thy low and lonely urn,*

O gallant chief of Otterburne.—P. 27.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the battaylles and encounterings that I have made mencion of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this batayle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes; for there was neyther knyght nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and fought hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiantly fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at

Melrose, beneath the high altar. «His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tomb of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym.»—FROISSART, vol. II. p. 161.

NOTE VIII.

—*Dark knight of Liddesdale.*—P. 27.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II. and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.¹ So weak was the royal authority, that

¹ There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Rochlevin turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay to the general sorrow which it excited :

To tell you there of the manere,
It is bot sorow for til here;
He wes the grettast menynd man
That ony couth have thowcht of than,
Of his state, or of mure be fare;
All meynt him, bath bettyr and war;
The ryche and pure him menyde bath,
For of his dede was mekil skath.

Some years ago a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle, which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression, that possibly may be a relique of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman the parish has mentioned this discovery in his statistical account of *East Lothian*.

David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder: although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed is called, from his name, William-Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-Hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shewn.

NOTE IX.

The moon on the east oriel shone.—P. 27.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart. has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms, and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the frame-work of the roof; and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.

NOTE X.

They sate them down on a marble stone,

A Scottish monarch slept below—P. 28.

A large marble stone, in the chancel of Melrose, pointed

out as the monument of Alexander II. one of the greatest of our early kings; others say it is the resting place of Waldeve, one of the early abbots, who died in the odour of sanctity.

NOTE XI.

———*The wondrous Michael Scott.*—P. 28.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterises Michael Scott, as *singulari philosophiæ, astronomiæ, ac medicinæ laude prestans; dicebatur penitissimos magicæ recessus indagasse.* Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard :

Quell' altro che ne' fianchi è così poco
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.

Divina Comedia, Canto xxmo.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, or Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Holme Coltrame, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or

preserved in the convent where he died Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lance-lot Scott, shewed him an extract from Michael Scott's works,^a containing that story :

1 " He said the book which he gave me
Was of Sir Michael Scot's historie;
Which history was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.
Young scholars have pick'd out something
From the contents, that dare not read within
He carried me along the castle then,
And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.
His writing pen did seem to me to be
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accumie;
The volume of it did seem so large to me,
As the book of Martyrs and Turks historie.
Then in the church he let me see
A stone where Mr Michael Scott did lie;
I asked at him how that could appear,
Mr Michael had been dead above five hundred year^b
He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,
More than he had been dead a few years ago;
For Mr Michael's name doth terrify each one."

History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott.

NOTE XII.

———*Salamanca's cave.*—P. 28.

Spain, from the reliques, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatised by the ignorance of his age.—*William of Malmesbury*, lib. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Se-

ville, and salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—*D'Auton on learned Incredulity*, p. 45 These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance :

Questa città di Tollete soleva
 Tenere studio di negromanzia :
 Quivi di magica arte si leggea
 Pubblicamente e di piromanzia;
 E molti geomanti sempre avea,
 E sperimenti assai d'idiomanzia
 E d'altre false opinion di sciecchi
 Come è fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi

Il Morgante Maggiore, Canto xxv St. 59

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Mont-alban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Aygremon*. He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, « *qu'en tous les sept arts d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis* » This Salamaucau Dondaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader enquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult « *Les feicts et proesses du noble et vaillant Hercules,* » where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercu'les, the noble knight-errant, the seven liberal sciences, and, in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, « *maximus quæ docuit Atlas,* »—In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic king of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo: and, when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the

Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed, that the tempest could not extinguish them, the king, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, « *Wretched monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither* » on the left hand, « *Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people;* » on one shoulder, « *I invoke the sons of Hagar;* » on the other « *I do mine office.* » When the king had decyphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barricaded; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. *Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el sabio Alcayde Abulcacim, traduzeda de la lengua Arabiga por Miquel de Luna, 1654, cap. vi*

NOTE XIII.

The bells would ring in Notre Dame.—P. 28.

« *Tantanne rem tam negligenter?* » says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor Speight; who, in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat. Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go up as an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain

piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, What it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, «What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!» When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time it is said, that, when residing at the tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing

course, was fain to take refuge in his own jaw-hole (*anglicè*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the good-wife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper, which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,—

Maister Michael Scott's man
Sought meat and gat naue.

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provisions; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.—This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so.—A similar charm occurs in *Huon du Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale called the *Caliph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope,

Michael Scott, like his predecessor Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his heart could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

NOTE XIV.

*The words, that cleft Eildon Hills in three,
And bradled the Tweed with a curl of stone.*—P. 28. 47

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hills, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

NOTE XV.

That lamp shall burn unquenchably.—P. 30.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis antiquorum reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different receipts for constructing such lamps, and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible.—*Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72. Delrio imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill.—*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 58. In a very rare romance, which treateth of

the lyfe of Virgilijus, and of his death, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wyche-crafte and nygramauncy, throughe the help of the devyls of hell,* mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems, that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by his magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. « Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved friende, and he that I above alle men trust and knowe mooste of my secrete;» and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a *fayer lamp at all seasons burnynge*. And then sayd Virgilius to the man, « See you the barrel that standeth here? » and he sayd, « Yea : Therein must you put me : fyrste ye must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iiii pieces, and salte the heed under in the bottom, and then the pieces, there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leak ; and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayle not. And when this is all done, then shall I be renued, and made younge agen.» At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrellled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded

of his servant where he was. The domestie pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. « And then the emperour entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the last they soughte so long, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperor the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no word to the emperour. And then the emperour, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius' man. And when all this was done, then sawe the emperour, and all his folke, a naked childe iii tymes rennyng about the barrell, sayinge these wordes, 'Cursed be the tyme that ye ever came here!' And with those wordes vanyshed the chylde awaye, and was never sene ageyne; and thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell deed.» *Virgilius*, bl. let. printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr Douce; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See *Goujet Biblioth. Franc.* ix. 225. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, tom. II. p. 5. *De Bure*, No. 3857.

NOTE XVI.

He thought as he took it the dead man frown'd.—P. 32.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian.—HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchy*, p. 480, copied from *Sebastian Cobarruvias Crozee*.

NOTE XVII.

The Baron's Dwarf his courser held.—P. 36

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house near the Border mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance :

“ The only certain, at least, most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshaw-hill, in Fkdale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of the ground, (that is, tying their fore-feet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, ‘ *Tint! tint! tint!*’* one of the men, named Moffat, called out, ‘ What de’il has tint you? Come here.’ Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and mis-shapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground: but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, ‘ Ah hah, Will o’ Moffat, you strike *sair!*’ (viz. *sore*.) After it had staid there long, one even-

Tint signifies lost.

ing, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, 'Gilpin Horner!' It started, and said, 'That is me, I must away,' and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.—To this account I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram or Be-terain, as he pronounced the word: and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner, on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of a very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.

NOTE XVIII.

*But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band,
Of the best that would ride at her command.*—P. 37.

“ Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Beautoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delatit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire (arrayed in armour), and breaking open the doors of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the laird of Cranstoune for his destruction.” On the 20th July, a warrant from the queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new-calling. *Abridgment of Books of Adjournal*

in *Advocates' Library*.—The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary : On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, of Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to the number of 200 persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Craunstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allenhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnefute, Robert Scott in Howfurde, Walter Scott in Todshawhough, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Woll, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme, of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallochill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, George Tait younger of Pirn, John Pennycuke of Pennycuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the laird of Fassyde, and the laird of Henderstoune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors ; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is said,* that, upon this rising, the kirk of Saint Mary's was burned by the Scotts.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

NOTE I.

When dancing in the sunny beam,

He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest.—P. 40.

The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want.*

NOTE II.

Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,

Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride.—p. 42.

"At Unthank, two miles N. E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to baptize and marry in this parish; and, from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosome, they were called, by the inhabitants, *Book-a-bosomes*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptized by these *Book-a-bosomes*, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time."—*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*

NOTE III.

It had much of glamour might.—P. 42.

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eye-sight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the Witch of Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader:

✓ Sae soon as they saw her weel far'd face,
They cast the glamour o'er her.

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to "make the ayre so thicke, that they within shall thynke that there, is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded), for ten men to go a front; and whan they within the castle se this bridge, they wil be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded—Fayre master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people go thereon assuredly to the castell to assayle it?—Syr, quod the enchantour, I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see.—Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knyghtes, that were there present, said, Syr, for godsake, let the mayster essay his cunning; we shal leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme." The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognized in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. "By my fayth, quod the Erl of Savoy, ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure him of you; for ye shall never do enchauntment to deceyve him, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any thyng be enchauntment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemys by suche crafte." Then he called to him a servaunt, and sayd, go and get a hangman, and let him stryke of this mayster's heed without delay; and as sone as the Erle had commaunded it, incontynent it was done, for his heed was stryken off before the Erle's tent.—FROISSART, vol. I. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. III. p. 119. In a strange allegorical poem, called the *Houlat*, written by a dependant of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described :

He gart them see, as it semyt, in sam'n hour,
 Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair;
 Some sailand on the see schippis of toure,
 Bernis battalland on burd brim as a bare ;
 He coulede carye the coup of the kingis des,
 Syne leve in the stede,
 Bot a black bunwede ;
 He could of a henis hede,
 Make a man mes.
 He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,
 That the *corncraik*, the pundare at hand,
 Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald,
 Because thai ete of the corn in the kirkland.
 He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald ;
 Mak a gray gus a gold garland,
 A lang spere of a bittile for a berne bald,
 Nobilis of nutschelles, and silver of sand.
 Thus joukit with juxters the janglane ja,
 Fair ladyes in ringis,
 Knychtis in caralyngis,
 Baythe dansis and singis,
 It semyt as sa.

NOTE IV.

Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,

I cannot tell, so mot I thrive ;

It was not given by man alive.—B. 43.

Dr Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon.

“ I remember an old gentleman in the country of my acquaintance, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician ; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this :

Ens is nothing till sense finds out ;
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round in the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction ; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say, this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name) ; to which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for I used, and some others, to call him so) ; but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other ; but I said so only in way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him ; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again : so thought he now, I am invited to the converse of my spirit, and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it

afterwards (finding nothing come of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and non-plus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtle considerations did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard. — Well, said I, father L. though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to me to be true, that may do the business:—Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, said I, father L. that goblin will be the first that will bid you welcome into the other world. Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce. “

NOTE V.

The running stream dissolved the spell. P.—44.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a running stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are safe. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always reassumed their proper form, when driven by the deceived purchasers across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish, for a very good reason. “*Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas.*” — *Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.

NOTE VI.

*His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
 No larger fence had he ;
 He never counted him a man,
 Would strike below the knee.—P. 47.*

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers :

A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
 Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good ;
 All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
 His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
 When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
 The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill,
 Their bauldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
 To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
 Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
 All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
 They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
 With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathroe, a Frenchman, " they met at the speare poynts rudely ; the French squyer justed right pleasantly ; the Englyshman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thygh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lordes, and sayde how it was shamefully done." FROISSART, vol. I. ch. 366.—Upon a similar occasion, " the two knyghtes came a fote eche against other rudely, with their speares low couch-ed, to stryke eche other within the foure quarters. Johan of Castell-Morante strake the Englysh squyer on the brest in such wyse, that Syr Wyllyam Fermetone stombled and bowed, for his fote lyttel fayled him. He held his speare lowe with bothe his handes, and could nat amende it, and strake Sir Johan of

the Castell-Morante in the thighe, so that the speare went clene through, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. Ard Syre Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knyghtes and squyers were ryghte sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wyllyam Fermetone excused himself, and sayde how he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bepe so, he wold never have begon it; sayenge how he could nat amende it, by cause of glaunsing of his foie by constraynt of the great stroke that Syr John of the Castell-Morante had given him." *Ibid* ch. 373.

NOTE VII.

And with a charm she staunch'd the blood.—P. 49

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kind of words he staunch'd the blood.

Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, Lond. 1791, p. 131.

NOTE VIII.

*But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er.*—P. 49.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpellier, before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case:

"Mr James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons.^r Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himself between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the

other. They, being transported with fury, one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hindrance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them, roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a crosse blow on his adversarie's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much blood by parting two such dear friends who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his: but this involuntary effusion of blood by them, prevented that which they sholde have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr-Howel's face besmeared with blood, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the king sent one of his own surgeons; for his majesty much affected the said Mr Howel.

‘It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds; ‘for I understand,’ said he, ‘that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off.’ In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him; but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, ‘the wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medi-

ment makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *Hagase el milagro y hagalo Mahoma*—Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.'

'I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound: and as I called for a bason of water, as I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing in the interim, what Mr Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? 'I know not what ails me; but I find that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kinde of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' I replied, 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound cleau, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the king, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the business, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, whereupon he found his master without

any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed." P. 6.

The king (James VI.) obtained from 'Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms: "And that which is more strange... they can remedie anie stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feelee no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feelee intollerable pain." I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest*:

Ariel. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this
Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,
Till I have time to visit him again.—*Act v. sc. 2.*

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters, with Hippolito's sword wrapt up:

Hip. O my wound pains me. [*She unwraps the sword.*]

Mir. I am come to ease you.

Hip. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;

My wound shoots worse than ever.

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

[*She wipes and anoints the sword.*]

Hip. Now, methinks, there's some thing laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes; Upon the sudden all this pain
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

NOTE IX.

On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,

And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire.—P. 51.

The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. — The act of parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale, or fag-pot, shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are *coming indeed*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstane) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fyfe, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of the realme.» These beacons (at least in latter times) were « a long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.—STEVENSON'S *History*, vol. II. p. 701.

NOTE X.

Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise.—P. 51.

The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs*:

« Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the queen gave the west wardenry to his son, that had married my sister. He, having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house, that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee being 1,000 marks yearly, he would part with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle, where I was a

nooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing, of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I had good cause still to remember it.

« I had private intelligence given me, that there were two scottish men, who had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Grames relieved. This Grame dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need.— About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour, and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work, to get

up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and 'lay that means to win the tower.—The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see four hundred horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but on a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then I had more to do than ever, for all our Borderers came crying with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient awhile, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkilld (there were so many deadly feuds among them), and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what pleased themselves; but, being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could, for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were turned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger, and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

NOTE XI.

*On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.—P. 53.*

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summits of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

NOTE I.

Great Dundee.—P. 55.

The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killicrankie

NOTE II.

*For pathless marsh, and mountain cell, |
The peasant left his lowly shed* —P. 56.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army. — (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I. p. 49.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancrum, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthorn-den, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. « In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Niddry,) George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's..... happened upon a cave in the ground, the mouth whereof was worne with the fresh printe of steps, that he seemed to he certayne thear wear some folke within; and gone doune to trie, he was redily receyved with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had knowen wheyther thei would be content to yeld and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lorde's grace, and upon utterance of the thyng, gat lisenſe to deale with them as he coulde; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, where he first stopt up on; another he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyre, whereat they within cast water apace; but it was so well mayn-

teyned without, that the fyer prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them belyke into anoother parler. Then devised we (for I hapt to be with him) to stop the same up, wherby we should eyther smoothen them, or fynd out their vents, if thei hadde any moe: as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we mought e see the fume of their smoke to come out; the which continued with so great a force, and so long awhile, that we could not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smoothen within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother.»—PATTEN'S *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, apud DALYELL'S *Fragments*.

Note III.

Southern ravage.—P. 56.

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII. preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. vii. 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders.

Some Scottish barons, says the earl, had threatened to come within a three miles of my porehouse of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnyght; and alsoo the said Marke Carr said there opynly, that, seying they had a governor on the marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shulde kepe your highness' instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forrey; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, lettynge your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes' name, I comaundet dewe watche to be kept on your marchies, for comynge in of any Scotts.—Neutheless, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a litil village myne, called Whitell, having not past ~~sex~~ ^{ten} houses, lying towards Ryddisdail, upon Shilbotell more, and there wold have fyed the said howses, but ther was noo fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withe the yme:

and toke a wyf, being great with childe, in the said towne, and said to hyr, When we can not gyve the laird lyf, yet we shall doo this in spyte of him; and gyve her iii mortall wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger wheruppon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highnes^e to reduce unto your gracious memory thys wyful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes' realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons into the countrey afore theyme, and yet the Scottsmen dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforth and me, had by credible persons of Scotland, this abomynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyddall, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erle of Murey, upon Friday at nighte last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendaill, with a parte of your highnes' subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into England agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre retorne, they dyd mar the Earl of Murrei's provisions at Coldingham: for they did not only burne the said towne of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed wurthe cii marke sterling; but alsoo burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branderdergest and the Black Hill, and toke xxii persons, lx horse, with cc hed of cattail, which nowe as I am informed, hathe not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murrei's not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyre selfs uppon the myches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grauntyd for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denyed. Upon which the king of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remayn. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devysed, that within this iii nyghts, God willing, Kelsey, in lyke case, shall be brent, with all the corne in the said town, and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall attaigne further knowledge, I shall not fail to satisfye you

highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burnyng of Eelsey is devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndale and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and *** your royal estate, with long lyf, and as much increase of hono^r as your most noble heart can desire. *At Werkworth, the xxiid day of October* » (1522.)

NOTE IV.

Watt Tinlinn.—P. 56.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult: "Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *risp*, and the seams *rive*."¹—"If I cannot sew,"—retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—"If I cannot sew, I can *perk*."²

NOTE V.

Bilhope Stag.—P. 57.

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game:

Bilhope braes for bucks and raes,
And Carit haugh for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,
If he be ta'en in time.

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout are still famous.

¹ *Risp*, creak.—*Rive*, tear.

² *Perk*, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in curing the sticles of their work.

NOTE VI.

Of silver brooch and bracelet proud.—P. 57.

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burnt and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.—See LESLY, *de Moribus Limitanorum*.

NOTE VII.

Belted Will Howard.—P. 57.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bed-room, oratory, and a library, are still shewn. They impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a lord warden of the marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the guard-room, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of the apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

NOTE VIII.

Lord Dacre.—P. 7.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under

Richard Cour-de-Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction.

NOTE IX.

The German hackbot-men.—P. 58

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 17th September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches: "The Almains, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardenry (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be), shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladlers, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the king's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almains, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfriesshire. *History of Cumberland*, vol. I.

Introd p. lxi. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters we learn, that the Low-country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribband. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 121.

Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
All jadge and frounst, with divers colours deckt

NOTE X.

His ready lances Thirlestane brave

Array'd beneath a banner bright.—P. 59.

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V. and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc. lying upon the river Ettrick, and extending to St Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the king wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest, motto, *Ready, aye ready*. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestane

" JAMES REX

" We James, by the grace of God, king of Scottis, consider-
and the ffaith add guid servis of of of right traist friend John
Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummanet our hoste at Soutra-edge,
with three score and ten launcieres on horseback of his friends
and followers, and beand willing to gang with us into England,

when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake all at our bidding; ffor the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld, and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to graunt to the said John Scott, ane Bordey of ffeure de lises about his coatte of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, Readdy, ay Readdy, that he and all his aftercummers may bruike the saminc as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kindness for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae wayes failzie to doe. Given at Ffalla Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvii day of July, m c and \xxii zieres. By the King's graces speciall ordinance.

JO. ARSKINE."

On the back of the charter, is written,

"Edin. 14. January, 1713. Registred, conform to the act of parliament made anent probative writs, per M'Kaile, pror. and produced by Alexander Borthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J."

NOTE XI.

*An aged Knight, to danger steeld,
With many a moss-trooper, came on :
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent gra'd his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.—P. 59.*

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.—See GLADSTAIN of Whitelaw's MSS. and SCOTT of Stok's Pedigree, Newcastle, 183.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border free-booter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish*

Border, others in LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy*, and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border ballads by Mr James Hogg. The bugle horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr Scott of Harden.—His castle was situate upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, Daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding baron. The following beautiful passage of LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy*, is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs :

Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fix'd his mountain-home;—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But, what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone gold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dawn of night;
And, as the massy portals wide were hang,
With stamping hoo's the rocky pavement rung.

What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her latticed hall,
 Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?
 'Tis Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,
 Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
 Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
 Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound:
 With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
 And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
 Around her neck, and to her bosom clung:
 While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
 His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster child.
 Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
 Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
 In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
 He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
 Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
 Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string."

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
 The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
 When evening brings the merry folding hours,
 And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
 He lived, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear;
 To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier;
 But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
 Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:
 He's nameless as the race from which he sprung,
 Saved other names, and left his own unsung.

NOTE XII.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.—P. 60.

In this, and the following stanza, some account is given of the mode in which the property of the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem literally as they have been preserved by tradition.

Lord Maxwell in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the dale. The old people give locality to the story, by shewing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, etc.

NOTE XIII.

Their gathering word was Bellenden.—P. 63.

Bellenden is situate near the head of Borthwick water, and, being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.—Survey of Selkirkshire, in *Macfarlane's MSS.* Advocates' Library. Hence Satchells calls one part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Bellenden.

NOTE XIV

*The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord.*—P. 66.

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I counsayle, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to all the worlde; for without we make ourselte to be feared, we gette nothing."

"By my fayth," quod Sir William Helmon, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leyser to do yvell, and they thought he was more metelyer thereto than any other. Than they raised up the penon of St George, and cried, "A Soltier! a Soltier! the alyaunt hastarde! frendes

NOTES TO THE LAY OF

to God, and enemies to all the worlde!" — FROISSART, vol. I. ch. 393. ".

NOTE XV.

A gauntlet on a spear.—P. 68.

A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded. —See LESLY.

NOTE XVI.

*We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
* That he may suffer march-treason pain.*—P. 69.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country, during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Salom, the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, "Gif ony stellis authir on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be henget or heofdit; and gif ony cumpany stellis any gudes within the tricux beforesayd, ane of that company sall be henget or heofdit, and the remnant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble."—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxxix.

NOTE XVII.

• ———*William of Deloraine*

Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain.—P. 70.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: "You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by a l that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the

goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you Go
History of Cumberland, Introd. p. xxv.

NOTE XVIII.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword.—P. 70.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knight bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Amongst others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours.—See the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edited by Mr Park. But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Kerr, knighted by the Earl of Muntley, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyle in the battle of Belrinnes. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, and lately edited by Mr Dalrymple, in *Godly Songs and Ballads*, Edin. 1802.

NOTE XIX.

When English blood swelled Ancram ford.—P. 70.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Peniel-heuch, was fought A. D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesly.

NOTE XX.

The Blanche Lion.—P. 72.

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest or bearing of a warrior was often used as a *nomme de guerre*. Thus Richard III. acquired his

NOTES TO THE LAY OF

well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surry, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.

n

The Description of the Armes.

'Of the proud Cardinal this is the shelde,
Borne up betwene two angels of Sathan;
The sixe bloody axes in a bare felde,
Sheweth the crueltie of the red man,
Which hath devour'd the Beautiful Swan,
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion,
Carter of Yorke, the vyle butcher's sonne,
The sixe bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
Betokeneth his sturdy furiousness,
Wherefore, the godly light to put abacke,
He bryngeth in his dyvlish darcnes;
The bardog in the meddes doth expresse
The mastiff curre bred in Ypswich towne,
Crawynge with his teth a kinges crowne.
The cloubbe signifieth playne his tiranny,
Covered over with a Cardinal's hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
Arise up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,
For the tyme is come of hagge and walatt,
The honorall chevalry thus thrown doune,
Wherefor, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne.

There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges's curious Miscellany, the *Censura Lite-*

NOTE XXI.

Let Mus. meet fierce Deloraine

In single fight—P. 73.

It may easily be supposed, that *trial* by single combat, so

peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pitscottie gives the following account of the affair ; " The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kirkaldy of Grange to fight with him, in single combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French king, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heraulds cried, and the judges let them go. Then they encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and bare him off his horse, being sore wounded : But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain."—P. 202.

The following indenture will shew at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence :

" It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eight day of April next ensuing, A. D. 1602, betwixt nine of the'clock, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite breaches, plaite sockes, two basleard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter of length, two Scotch daggers, or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the

rest of the company; and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

The grounds of the quarrel

" 1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the lords of her majesty's privy council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her majesty's castle of Bewcastle to the king of Scots; and to witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

" 2. He chargeth him, that whereas her majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her majesty's subjects therein; Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her majesty's castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and recept for murderers, felous, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quintin Whitehead and Ruinon Blackburne.

" 3. He charged him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the contrary.

" Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith, that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely bely him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained this challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signe) THOMAS MUSGRAVE.
LANCELOT CARLETON."

NOTE XXII.

He, the jovial Harper.—P. 75.

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Battling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking, at Newmill, upon Teviot, about two miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule water so called. They retired to a meadow, on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken, and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Battling Roaring Willie." Ramsay, who set no value on traditionary lore, published a few verses of this song in the *Ten-Fable Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connexion with the history of the author, and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text.

Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,
 And he's for the rood-day;¹
 But Stobs and Young Fahnash,²
 They followed him a' the way;
 They followed him a' the way,
 They sought him up and down,
 In the links of Ousenam water,
 They fand him sleeping sound

Stobs lighted aff his horse,
 And never a word he spak,

The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.
 Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobbs and Scott of Fahnash.

Till he tied Willie's hands
 " Fu' fast behind his back ;
 Fu' fast behind his back,
 And down beneath his knee,
 And drink will be dear to Willie,
 When sweet milk' gars him die.

" Ah wae light on ye, Stobs !
 An ill death mot ye die !
 Ye're the first and foremost man
 That e'er laid hands on me ;
 That e'er laid hands on me,
 And took my mare me frae ;
 Wae to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot !
 Ye are my mortal fae !"

The lasses of Ousenain water
 Are rugging and riving their hair
 And a' for the sake of Willie,
 His beauty was so fair :
 His beauty was so fair,
 And comely for to see,
 And drink will be dear to Willie,
 When sweet milk gars him die.

NOTE XXIII.

*Black Lord Archibald's battle laws,
 In the old Douglas' day.—P. 75.*

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus :

" Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1468, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of Lincludin ; and there he caused those lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and

A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

truly, after their cunning, should decree, deceive, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that weré ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare ; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borderers; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes under-written. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming "

NOTES TO CANTO V.

NOTE I.

The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,

Announcing Douglas' dreaded name —P. 79.

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

NOTE II.

—The Seven Spears of Wedderburne —P. 79.

Sir David Home of Wedderburn, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Galashiels (now Pringle of Whitebank). They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne.

NOTE III.

And Swinton laid the lance in rest,

That tamed of yore the sparkling crest

Of Clarence's Plantagenet.—P. 79.

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V. was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

NOTE IV.

Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,

And Hume's mingled banners, come,

Down the steep mountain glittering far,

And shouting still, "A Hume! a Hume!"—P. 79.

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient

Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, « A Home! a Home!» It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

The Hepburn's, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes; a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

NOTE V.

Pursued the foot-ball play.—P. 80.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600, by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scottish riders, to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

NOTE VI.

*'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border day.*—P. 81.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and inter-

marriages between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion, Froissart says of both nations, that "Englyshemen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo (*truce*) between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then gloryfye so in theyre dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly each of them is so content with other, that at their departyng, curtyslye they will say, God thank you." — *BERNER'S Froissart*, vol. II. p. 153. The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquair. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:

Then was there nought but bow and spear,
And every man pull'd out a brand.

In the 29th stanza of this Canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

NOTE VII.

*And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran;
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Gave the shrill catch-word of their clan.*—P. 81.

rather remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. "As we wear then a setting, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable

in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse; that wheras allways, both in all tounes of war, and in all campes of armies, quietness and silness, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I nede not reason why,) our northern prikkers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie, (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlyng in a high wey when he hath lost him he wanted upon, sum hoopynge, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer! or so otherwise as theyr captain's names wear, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to finde their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our oother countreys and sberes had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft tymes had the state of our camp more like the outrage of a dissolute huntynge, than the quiet of a well ordred armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unsponken than uttered, unless the faut wear sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweis more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doyng, than they shew good service (as sum sey) in a hool vyage.—*Apud DALZELL'S Fragments*, p. 75.

NOTE VIII.

Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,

And with the bugle rouse the fray.—F. 94.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned blood-shed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose main-

tenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue and fell asleep, upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and, coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist, and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to shew how very long the licence of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

NOTE I.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead, &c.—P. 37.

The influence of local attachment has been so exquisitely painted by my friend Mr Polwhele, in the poem which bears that title, as might well have dispensed with the more feeble attempt of any contemporary poet. To the reader who has not been so fortunate as to meet with this philosophical and poetical detail of the nature and operations of the love of our country, the following brief extract cannot fail to be acceptable :

Yes—Home still charms ; and he who, clad in fur,
His rapid rein-deer drives o'er plains of snow,
Would rather to the same wild tracts recur,
That various life had mark'd with joy or woe,
Than wander, where the spicy breezes blow
To kiss the hyacinths of Azza's hair—
Rather, than where luxuriant summers glow,
To the white mosses of his hills repair,
And bid his antler-train the simple banquet share.

NOTE II.

She wrought not by forbidden spell.—P. 99

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards ; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold ; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet

Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote :

« Virgilius was at scole at Tolenton, where he stodyed dylygently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tythe, the scoles had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fyldes, after the usance of the hold tyme. And there was also Virgilius therebye, also walkynge among the hylles alle about. It fortun-ed he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyl, wherein he went so depe, that he culd not see no more lyght ; and then he went a lytell farther therin, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and then he want forthe streyghte, and withyn a lytyll wyle after he harde a voyce that called, ' Virgilius ! Virgilius ! ' and looked aboute, and he colde nat see nobody. Than sayd he, (i. e. *the voice*) ' Virgilius, see ye not the lytyll bourde lying besyde you there markd with that word ? ' Than answered Virgilius, ' I see that borde well enough. The voyce said, ' Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte. ' Then answered Virgilius to the voice that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, ' Who art thou that callest me so ? ' Than answered the devyll, ' I am a devyll conjured out of the body of a certeyne man, and banyshed here tyll the day of judgmend, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus Virgilius, I pray thee, delyvere me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of negromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the practyse therein, that no man in the scyence of negromancye shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby mythinke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doynge. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe, and make ryche your enemyes. '—Through that great promyse was Virgilius tempted ; he badde the fynd show the bokes to him, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll ; and so the fynd shewed him. And than Virgilius pulled open a bourde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrang the devyll out lyke a yee, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man ; wherof Virgilius was astonied and mar-

veyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytyll a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?'—'Yea, I shall wll,' said the devyl. 'I holde the best plegge that I have, that ye shall not do it.'—'Well,' sayd the devyll, 'thereto I consent.' And than the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytyll hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyne with, the bourde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeth shyttle styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and said, 'What have ye done, Virgilius?' Virgilius answered, 'Abyde there styll to your day appointed;' and fro thens forth abydeth he there.—And so Virgilius became very connyng in the practyse of the black scyence."

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable, that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil are of oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

"Than he thought in his mynde howe he myght mareye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he dyd by his cunnynge, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an appell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thoroughe that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he an egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Naples quake; and when the egge byrte, than shulde the towne sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells." * This appears to be an article of current belief

duing the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *De Saint Esprit, au droit desir*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil.—*MONT-FAUCON*, vol. II. p. 329.

NOTE III.

A merlin sat upon her wrist.—P. 100.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was usually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. See *LATHAM on Falconry*.—Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophising a goss-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, « The devil's in this greedy glade, she will never be full.»—*HUME's History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. II. p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practise of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

NOTE IV.

And princely peacock's gilded train.—P. 100.

The peacock, it is well-known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipt in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, « before the peacock and the ladies.»

NOTE V.

And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd beave.—P. 100.

The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron, at whose board it was served.—*PINKERTON's History*, vol. I. 432.

NOTE VI.

And cygnet from St Mary's wave.—P. 100.

There are often flights of wild swans upon St Mary's Lake, the head of the river Yarrow.

NOTE VII.

Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill.—P. 101.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill.

NOTE VIII.

But bit his glove, and shook his head.—P. 101.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used, by Shakspeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed, that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companions, with whom he had quarrelled? and learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

NOTE IX.

—*Arthur Fire-the-Brace.*—P. 102.

The person bearing this redoubtable *nomme de guerre*, was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597.

NOTE X.

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,

When in the cleuch the luck was ta'en.—P. 102.

A tradition, preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published,

in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankelburn, in Ettrick forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase.—Kenneth Mac-Alpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettricke-beuch to the glen now called Buckleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankelburn with the river Ettricke.—Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.¹

The deer being curee'd in that place,

At his majesty's demand,

Then John of Galloway^{*} ran apace,

And fetch'd water to his hand.

The king did wash into a dish,

And Galloway John he wot;

He said, "Thy name now after this

• Shall ever be call'd John Scot.

"The forest and the deer therein,

We commit to thy hand,

¹ Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The hall fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with faggots, seized on the animal and his burden, and carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost; a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the court and all the spectators.

For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
 If thou obey command :
 And for the buck thou stoutly brought
 To us up that steep heugh,
 Thy designation ever shall
 Be John Scot in Buckscleugh.*

* * * * *

In Scotland no Buckcleuch was then,
 Before the buck in the cleuch was slain ;
 Night's men¹ at first they did appear,
 Because moon and stars to their arms they bear.
 Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
 Shews their beginning from hunting come ;
 Their name, and stile, the book doth say,
 John gain'd them both into one day.

WATT's *Bellenden*.

The Buckcleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or* upon a bend azure, a mullet betwixt two

¹ «Minions of the moon,» as Falstaff would have said: The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations: «For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived neere into the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to crosse over one to another in ships, became theeves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living; being a matter at that time nowh *re* in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This is manifested by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be theeves or not; as a thing neither scorned by such as were asked, nor uplaided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another within the main land: and much of Greece useth that old custome, as the *Locrians*, the *Arcanians*, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of theeving.»—*Hobbes' Thucydides*, p. 4. 2nd. 1629.

crescents of the field; in addition to which they formerly bore in the field a hunting horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of greece*. The family of Scott of Howpasley and Thirlestane long retained the bugle-horn: they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was,—*Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield,¹ and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters.

NOTE XI.

———*Old Albert Græme,*

The Minstrel of that ancient name.—P. 103.

"Johnne Grahame, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred, into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides), "They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves; Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more."—*Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*

The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects for their own prize, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would

have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them.— See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre, and the English Privy Council, in Introduction to *History of Cumberland*. The Debateable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations.

NOTE XII.

The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.—P. 103.

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus :

She lean'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'

NOTE XIII.

Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?—P. 105.

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII. who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, shewed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclined upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

NOTE XIV.

———*The storm-swept Oracles;*

Where erst St Clairs held princely sway,

O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.—P. 108.

The St Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St Clair, second son of Walderne Comte

de St Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. ¹⁷ was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St Clair; and settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian.— These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion: The king, in following the chase upon Pentland hills, had often started “a white faunch deer,” which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the king, until Sir William St Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The king instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir William St Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow hounds, to put up the deer; whilst Sir William St Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William’s side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-House, Earncraig, etc. in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St Katherine’s intercession, built the chapel of St Katherine in the Hopes, the church-yard of which is still to be seen. The hill from which Robert Bruce beheld his memorable chase, is still called the King’s Hill; and the

place where Sir William hunted is called the Knight's field.'

—*MS. History of the Family of St Clair*, by RICHARD AUGUSTIN HAY, Canon of St Genevieve.

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognised by the kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravenscraig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Saintclair, Earl of Caithness.

NOTE XV.

Still nods their palace to its fall,

Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.—P. 108.

The castle of Kirkwall was built by the St Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject for contemplation to John, Master of St Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection in 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

* I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholy prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of

The tomb of Sir William St Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting match, with some addition to Mr Hay's account; as that the knight of Roslin's fright made him poetical, and that, in the last emergency, he shouted,

Help, Haud, an' ye may,

Or Roslin will lose his head this day.

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he should never again put his neck in such a risque. As Mr Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.

the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third for faultre, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the king, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfaltrie, he *gratefully* divorced my forfaulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce run as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crown was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the same David, out of the familie of Douglas; which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestour's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the king of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years by-gone, on all occasions when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a stile more like friends than souveraigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, have brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition, without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how: and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royal familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung upon him, in

spite of all which he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unlucky state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularity of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my family to starve.—*MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St Clair.*

NOTE XVI.

*Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.*—P. 108.

The chiefs of the *Vakmng*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sækonungr*, or Sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

NOTE XVII.

*Of that Sea-Snake tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.*—P. 109.

The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarokr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE XVIII.

*Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell.*—P. 109.

These were the *Valkyriur*, or Selectors of the slain, dispatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader, as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

NOTE XIX.

*Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their faulchions wrench'd from corpses' hold.*—P. 109.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyrfing should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which past betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the Harvarar-Saga. Indeed the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings. — BARTHOLINUS *De causis contemptæ a Danis mortis*, lib. I. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13.

NOTE XX.

———*Rosabelle.*—P. 109.

This was a family name in the house of St Clair. Henry St Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherne.

NOTE XXI.

Castle Ravensheuch.—P. 109.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St Clair, as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St Clair Erskine (now Earl of Rosslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

NOTE XXII.

*Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,*

Sheath'd in his iron panoply.—P. 110.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preserva-

on. It was founded in 1446 by William St.-Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Cathness and Strathme, Lord Saint Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-noor, etc. Knight of the Cockle and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connexion; the etymology being Ross-linnhe, the promontory of the linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian domains. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay, in the MS. history already quoted.

" Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alledged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good father was buried, his (*i. e.* Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but, when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring, that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of

the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour: late Rosline, my good father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament."

NOTE XXIII.

—————"Gylbin, come!"—P. 112.

See the story of Gilpin in Horner, pp. 265, 266, 267.

NOTE XXIV.

*For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him, of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.*—P. 113.

The ancient castle of Peel-town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: "They say, that an apparition, called in the Mankish language, the *Maukie Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forbore swearing, and all prophane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and

carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger: for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doog*, was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day; and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

“ One night, a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room: in some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more: and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him; yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

“ The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since: and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier,

who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head. *—WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107.

NOTE XXV.

*And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St Bryde of Douglas make.*—P. 113.

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular; as we learn from the following passage: the Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discoursing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, "Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and well acknowledge men's service, and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God, (this was his oath) when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St Bride of Douglas,) if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!"—So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose.—GODSCROFT, vol. II. p. 131.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,

PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, RUE DU PONT DE LODI, N° 6.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. II.

MARMION.



PARIS:
PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNAN
AT THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND SPANISH
LIBRARY, 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

MDCCCXXVI.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME SECOND.

MARMION.

	Page.
Introduction to Canto First	5
Canto First.—The Castle	17
Introduction to Canto Second	37
Canto Second.—The Convent	47
Introduction to Canto Third	71
Canto Third.—The Hostel, or Inn	61
Introduction to Canto Fourth	103
Canto Fourth.—The Camp	111
Introduction to Canto Fifth	135
Canto Fifth.—The Court	143
Introduction to Canto Sixth	179
Canto Sixth.—The Battle	189
Notes to Canto First	231
Notes to Canto Second	253
Notes to Canto Third	268
Notes to Canto Fourth	275
Notes to Canto Fifth	285
Notes to Canto Sixth	285

MARMION:
A TALE
OF
FLODDEN FIELD.
IN SIX CANTOS.

*Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!—LEYDEN.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is hardly to be expected that an Author whom the Public has honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of *MARMION* must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the age in which it is laid. Any historical narrative, far more an attempt at epic composition, exceeds his plan of a romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of *THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL*, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY,
LORD MONTAGUE,

etc. etc. etc.

THIS ROMANCE

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq.

Ashiestiel, Ettrick Forest

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen,
Through bush and briar, no longer green,
An angry brook it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown, with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer au'
Upon our forest

No n o r e, beneath the evening beam,
 Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
 Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
 That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell;
 Sallow his brow, and russet bare
 Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
 The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
 'To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
 Where yet some faded herbage pines,
 And yet a watery sun-beam shines:
 In meek despondency they eye
 The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
 And far beneath their summer hill,
 Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
 The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
 And wraps him closer from the cold;
 His dogs no merry circles wheel,
 But, shivering, follow at his heel;
 A cowering glance they often cast,
 As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
 As best befits the mountain-child,
 Feel the sad influence of the hour,
 And wail the daisy's vanish'd flower;
 Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
 And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
 And birds and lambs again be gay,
 And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers yes. The daisy's flower
 Again shall paint your summer bower;

TO CANTO FIRST.

Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory re-appears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand, that grasp'd the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallow'd tomb!

Deep grav'd in every British heart.
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his gr.
Who victor died on Cadite wave;
To him, as to the burning stein,
Short, bright, restless life was given:
Where'er his country's sons were found,
Was heard the

Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blaz'd, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia,¹ Trafalgar ;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave ;
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
Shew'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the free-
man's laws.

• Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;

Copenhagen.

As some proud column, though alone
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne.
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
 When death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
 With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
 Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
 Each call for needful rest repell'd,
 With dying hand the rudder held,
 Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
 The steerage of the realm gave way !
 Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
 One unpolluted church remains,
 Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
 But still, upon the hallow'd day,
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
 While faith and civil peace are dear,
 Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
 He, who preserved them, PIRR, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
 Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
 Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
 For talents mourn, untimely lost,
 When best employ'd and wanted most ;

Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below :
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, ' here the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
All peace on earth, good-will to men;
If ever from an English heart,
O *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave;

TO CANTO FIRST.

And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave;
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where,—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
'T will trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
« Here let their discord with them die;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
But search the lares of our men;
Where wilt thou find

Rest, ardent spirits! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise;
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse:
 Then, O how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain!
 Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
 The bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless
 names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay awhile,
 My wilder'd fancy still beguile!
 From this high theme how can I part,
 Ere half unloaded is my heart!
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
 And all the raptures fancy knew,
 And all the keener rush of blood,
 That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
 Were here a tribute mean and low,
 Though all their mingled streams could flow—
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
 In one spring-tide of ecstasy!—
 It will not be—it may not last—
 The vision of enchantment's past:
 Like frost-work in the morning ray,
 The fancied fabric melts away;
 Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone,
 And, lingering fast, deception dear,
 The choir's high sounds lie on my ear.

Now slow return the lonely down,
 The silent pastures bleak and brown,
 The farm begirt with copse-wood wild,
 The gambols of each frolic child,
 Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
 Thus Nature disciplines her son:
 Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
 And waste the solitary day,
 In plucking from yon fen the reed,
 And watch it floating down the Tweed;
 Or idly list the shrilling lay
 With which the milk-maid cheers her way,
 Marking its cadence rise and fail,
 As from the field, beneath her pail,
 She trips it down the uneven dale:
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
 The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
 Lest his old legends tire the ear
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,
 May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell
 (For few have read romance so well)
 How still the legendary lay
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
 How on the ancient minstrel strain
 Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
 And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
 By warriors wrought in stee y weeds,

INTRODUCTION

Still throb for fear and pity's sake ;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse ;
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,
(Alas ! that lawless was their love)
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights ; or when,
A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong :
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;
And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald king and court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport ;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play ;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Prophaned the god-given strength, and marr'
the lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons, little men,

TO CANTO FIRST.

Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance;
Or seek the moated castle's cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,
Thy genius, Chivalry, hath slept :
There sound the harpings of the north,
Till he awake and sally forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarl,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells,
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half-veiled and half-reveal'd;
And Honour, with his spotless shield;
Attention, with fixed eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale he shrinks to hear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement show:
A worthy meed may thus be won;
Ytene's ¹ oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,

¹ The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called

Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, ' who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loyed huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain ;
For thou hast sung, how he of Gaul,
That Amadis so fauned in hall,
For Oriana, foil'd in fight
The necromancer's felon might ;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love :
Hear then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

' William Rufus.

MARMION.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CASTLE.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone :
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
' Seem'd forms of giant height :
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

St George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the faded day

Less^{*} bright, and less, was flung;
 The evening gale had scarce the power
 To wave it on the donjon tower,
 So heavily it hung.
 The scouts had parted on their search,
 The castle gates were barr'd;
 Above the gloomy portal arch,
 Timing his footsteps to a march,
 The warder kept his guard;
 Low humming, as he paced along,
 Some ancient Border gathering-song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
 He looks abroad, and soon appears,
 O'er Horucliff-hill, a plump[†] of spears,
 Beneath a pennon gay;
 A horseman, darting from the crowd,
 Like lightning from a summer cloud,
 Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
 Before the dark array.
 Beneath the sable palisade,
 That closed the castle barricade,
 His bugle-horn he blew;
 The warder hasted from the wall,
 And warn'd the captain in the hall,
 For well the blast he knew;
 And joyfully that knight did call
 To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

* This word properly applies to a flight of water-fowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.

† The name of a Knight of the North Country,
 plump of spears.

Flodden Field

IV.

« Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
And all our trumpets blow;
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot;
Lord Marmion waits below !»—
Then to the castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparr'd,
And let the draw-bridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle-bow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth knight and keen;
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Shewed spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
• His forehead, by his casque worn,
His thick moustache
Coal-black, and grizzled

But more through toil than age;
His square-turn'd joints and strength of limb,
Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soar'd sable in an azure field;
The golden legend bore aright,
WHO CHECKS AT ME, TO DEATH IS DIGHT.
Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim:
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,

And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need,
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broider'd on each breast.
Attended on their lord's behest.
Each chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong.
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys, and array,
Shew'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how

The soldiers of the guard,
With musquet, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
 Stood in the castle-yard ;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
 For welcome-shot prepared :
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
 Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
 The trumpets flourish'd braye, trumpets
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
 And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
 The minstrels well might sound,
For as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
 He scatter'd angels round. angels
« Welcome to Norham, Marmion !
 Stout heart, and open hand !
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
 Thou flower of English land ! »

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
 Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
 They hail'd Lord Marmion.

They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town ;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks, weight,
All as he lighted down.
" Now, largesse, largesse, ' Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !
A blazon'd shield in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."---

XII.

They marshall'd him to the castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,
—" Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion.
With the crest and helm of gold !
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold :
There vainly, Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the king his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair ;
W^e saw lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare ;
We saw ~~the~~ the victor win the crest,
He wears with worthy pride ;

* The cry by which the heralds expressed their thanks for the bounty of the nobles

And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
 His foeman's scutcheon tied.
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-knight!
 Room, room, you gentles gay,
 For him who conquer'd in the right,
 Marmion of Fontenaye!"

XIII.

'Then stepp'd to meet that noble lord,
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
 Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
 And Captain of the Hold.
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
 Raised o'er the pavement high,
 And placed him in the upper place—
 They feasted full and high:
 The whiles a Northern harper rude
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
 *"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all,
 Stout Willimondswick,
 And Hard-riding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."*—¹
 Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took
 And well those pains did pay.
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

¹ The rest of this old ballad may be found in the note.

XIV.

« Now, good Lord Marmion,» Heron says,
 « Of your fair courtesy,
 I pray you bide some little space
 In this poor tower with me.
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,
 May breathe your war-horse well ;
 Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust
 Or feat of arms befel :
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
 And love to couch a spear ;
 St George! a stirring life they lead,
 That have such neighbours near.
 Then stay with us a little space,
 Our northen wars to learn ;
 I pray you for your lady's grace.»—
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
 And gave a squire the sign ;
 A mighty wassel bowl he took,
 And crown'd it high with wine.
 « Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion :
 But first, I pray thee fair,
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,
 Whose beauty was so rare ?
 When last in Raby towers we met,
 The boy I closely eyed,
 And often mark'd his cheeks were wet
 With tears he fain would hide :

His was no rugged horseboy's hand,
 To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
 Or saddle battle-steed ;
 But meeter seem'd 'for lady fair,
 To fan her cheeks, or curl her hair,
 Or through embroidery rich and rare
 The slender silk to lead :
 His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
 His bosom when he sigh'd,
 The russet doublet's rugged fold
 Could scarce repel its pride !
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
 To serve in lady's bower ?
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
 A gentle paramour ?" -

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest .
 He roll'd his kindling eye,
 With pain his rising wrath suppress'd.
 Yet made a calm reply :
 " That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
 He might not brook the northern air.
 More of his fate if thou would'st learn,
 I left him sick in Lindisfarn :
 Enough of him. --But, Heron, say,
 Why does thy lovely lady gay
 Disdain to grace the Hall to-day ?
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
 Gone on some pious pilgrimage ?" --
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
 Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the knight replied,
« No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide :
Norham is grim, and grated close,
Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower ;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light,
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove ;
But where shall we find leash or band,
For dame that loves to rove ?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing.»—

XVIII.

« Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;
For, to the Scottish court address'd,
I journey at our king's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower.»—

XIX.

“ For such like need, mylord, I trow,
 Norham can find you guides enow ;
 For herē be some have prick’d as far
 On Scottish ground as to Dunbar ;
 Have drunk the monks of St Bothan’s ale,
 And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;
 Harried the wives of Greenlaw’s goods,
 And given them light to set their hoods.”

XX.

“ Now, in good sooth,” Lord Marmion cried.
 “ Were I in warlike-wise to ride,
 A better guard I would not lack,
 Than your stout forayers at my back :
 But, as in form of peace I go,
 A friendly messenger, to know,
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,
 Their king is mustering troops for war ;
 The sight of plundering Border spears
 Might justify suspicious fears,
 And deadly feud, or thirst for spoil,
 Break out in some unseemly broil :
 A herald were my fitting guide,
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide ;
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.”—

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
 And pass’d his hand across his face.
 —“ Fain would I find the guide you want,
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,

The only men that safe can ride
Minc errands on the Scottish side :
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort ;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege, we have not seen :
The mass he might not sing or say,
Upon one stinted meal a-day ;
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And pray'd for our success the while.
Our Norman vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride.
The priest of Shoreswood--he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train ;
But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man ;
A blithesome brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale are good,
"Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befals,
Hath seldom left our castle walls,
Since, on the vigil of St Bede,
In evil hour he cross'd the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife ;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply swore,
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.

Little he loves such risks, I know ;
Yet in your guard perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board
Carved to his uncle, and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.
" Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach ;
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughrig rude
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill.
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
" Nephew," quoth Heron, " by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke ; say forth thy say

XXIII.

" Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome ;

One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
 And visited each holy shrine
 In Araby and Palestine;
 On hills of Armenie hath been,
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
 Which parted at the prophet's rod;
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw
 The Mount where Israel heard the law,
 Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
 And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
 He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
 And of that Grot where Olives nod,
 Where, darling of each heart and eye,
 From all the youth of Sicily,
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
 Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
 Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
 For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
 He knows the passes of the North,
 And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth :
 Little he eats, and long will wake,
 And drinks but of the stream or lake,
 This were a guide o'er moor and dale :
 But, where our John hath quaff'd his ale,
 As fit as the wind that blows,
 And warms itself against his nose,
 Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."

XXV.

“ Gramercy !” quoth Lord Marmion,
“ Full loth were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holyrood,
Like his good saint I’ll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy rambles ; still
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay :
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend at the least,
They bring to cheer the way.”—

XXVI.

“ Ah ! noble sir,” young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
“ This man knows much, perchance e’en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he’s muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen’d at his cell ;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmur’d on till morn, howe’er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,

No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.
 Himself still sleeps before his beads
 Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds.»—

XXVII.

—«Let pass,» quoth Marmion; «by my fay,
 This man shall guide me on my way,
 Although the great arch-fiend and he
 Had sworn themselves of company.
 So please you, gentle youth, to call
 This Palmer to the castle-hall.»—
 The summon'd Palmer came in place;
 His sable cowl o'er-hung his face;
 In his black mantle was he clad,
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
 On his broad shoulders wrought;
 The scallop shell his cap did deck;
 The crucifix around his neck
 Was from Lorétto brought;
 His sandals were with travel tore,
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
 The faded palm-branch in his hand
 Shew'd pilgrim from the holy land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
 He had a statelier step withal,
 Or look'd more high and keen;
 For no saluting did he wait,
 • But strode across the hall of state, •

And frónted Marmion where he sate,
 As he his peer had been.
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
 His cheek was sunk, alas, the while!
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye look'd haggard wild:
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face, and sun-burnt hair,
 She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo,
 And blanch at once the hair;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
 The Palmer took on him the task,
 So he would march with morning tide,
 To Scottish court to be his guide.
 —“ But I have solemn vows to pay
 And may not linger by the way,
 To fair St Andrew's bound,
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
 From midnight to the dawn of day,
 Sung to the billows' sound.

Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore:
Saint Mary grant that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more!" —

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drain'd it merrily;
Alone the Palmer passed it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was the sign the feast was o'er;
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:
And first the chapel doors unclosed;
Then, after morning rites were done
(A hasty mass from Friar John),
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,

Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse:
Then came the stirrup-cup in course;
Between the baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost;
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had past
That noble train, their lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet-call:
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore;
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar;
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO

THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT, M. A.

Asbestiel, Etrick Forest.

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn -- perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers --
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade,
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan¹ to the rock,

¹ Mountain-ash.

And through the foliage shew'd his head,
With narrow leaves, and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!

“Here, in my shade,” methinks he'd say,
“The mighty stag at noontide lay:
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
With lurching step around me prowled,
And stop against the moon to howl;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by through gay green-wood
Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
sallied a Scottish monarch's power;
A thousand vassals muster'd round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent
Guard every pass with cross-bow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falconers hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,
Attentive as the bratchet's ' bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.

The startled quarry bounds amain,
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain;
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,
 Answers the harquebuss below :
 While all the rocking hills reply,
 'To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
 And bugles ringing lightsomely.'—

Of such proud huntings many tales
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,
 Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
 Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.
 But not more blithe that sylvan court,
 Than we have been at humbler sport;
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
 Our mirth, dear Marriot, was the same.
 Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
 O'er holt or hill there never flew,
 From slip or leash there never sprang,
 More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.
 Nor dull, between each merry chace,
 Pass'd by the intermitted space;
 For we had fair resource in store,
 In Classic, and in Gothic lore:
 We mark'd each memorable scene,
 And held poetic talk between;
 Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
 But had its legend, on its song.
 All silent now—for now are still
 Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill!
 No longer, from thy mountains dun,
 The yeoman hears the well-known gun,

And while his honest heart glows warm,
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, «the Chieftain of the Hills!»
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw,
By moonlight, dance on Carterhaugh;
No youthful baron 's left to grace
The forest-sheriff's lonely chace,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon:
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace;
Though if to sylphid queen 't were given,
To shew our earth the charms of heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form more light, or face more fair.
No more the widow's deafen'd ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear:
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot;
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphan's meal;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—

TO CANTO SECOND.

Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth
Close to my side, with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call'd his ramparts holy ground !¹
Kindled their brows to hear me speak ;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure ;
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side ;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain, and the rill ;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent,
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

¹ There is, on a high mountainous range above the farm of Asthestjel, a fosse called Wallace's Trench.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,—
There is a pleasure in this pain :
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils ;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone St Mary's silent lake ;
Thou know'st it well, —nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink ;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie ;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell ;

There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills,
In summer tide so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stillly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, 't were sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton long'd to spend his age.
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
And, as it faint and feeble died,
On the broad lake and mountain's side,
To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey!"—

Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower:
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave;
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust;
On which no sun-beam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines,)
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail.
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave:
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire:
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I clear'd,
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 't were sweet to think such life
(Though but escape from fortune's strife),
Something most matchless, good, and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice;
And deem each hour, to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displease :
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war :
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Lochskene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore ;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar ;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven ;
Through the rude barriers of the lake.
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down you dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemn'd to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken,
To view the bottom of the den,

Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

*
Marriot, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung:
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

MARMION.

CANTO SECOND.

THE CONVENT.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke,
Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the hold.
It curl'd not Tweed alone that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's holy isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea foam.

Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight ;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
 Their first flight from the cage,
How timi^d, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
 Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail
 With many a benedicite ;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
 And would for terror pray ;
Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head. and sparkling eye,
 Rear'd o'er the foaming spray :
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd by the summer gale,—
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy ;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasur^e share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,

Ere upon life she cast a look,
 Or knew the world that she forsook.
 Fair too she was, and kind had been
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
 Nor her a timid lover sigh,
 For knew the influence of her eye.
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,
 Combined with vanity and shame;
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
 Bounded within the cloister wall:
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
 Was of monastic rule the breach;
 And her ambition's highest aim
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
 For this she gave her ample dower,
 To raise the convent's eastern tower;
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,
 She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
 And gave the relique-shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems embost.
 The poor her convent's bounty blest,
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
 Reform'd on Benedictine school;
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
 Vigils, and penitence austere,
 Had early quench'd the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame in sooth.
 Though vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey,

Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame ;
Summon'd to Lindisfarn, she came,
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair ;
As yet a novice unprofess'd,
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.
She was betroth'd to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled.
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
To one, who loved her for her land :
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seem'd to mark the waves below ;
Nay seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not—'t was seeming all—
Far other scene her thoughts recal,—

A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and barè,
Nor wave, nor breezes, murmur'd there;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,
To hide it till the jackalls come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
See what a woeful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast:
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontroll'd,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame
Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised, with her bow and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet gray.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.

Monk wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
They past the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son ;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
To the good saint who own'd the cell ;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;
And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling though the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore ;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they
there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square.
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown ;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

o

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain :
For, with the flow and ebb, the stile
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.

As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view,
The castle with its battled wall,
The ancient monastery's hall,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

X

In Saxon strength that abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk.
'The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain ;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirate's hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later stile,
Shew'd where the spoiler's hand had been ;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower :

Yet still entire the abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they' near'd his turret strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close ;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose :
Down to the haven of the isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;
Banner, and cross, and reliques there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids they bare ;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rush'd emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land ;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand. •

XII.

Suppose we now the 'welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made ;
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,

Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam ;
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there even summer night is chill.
Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire ;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid ; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.

'Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do :
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, " Fye upon your name !
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."
" This, on ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."
They told, how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
'The lovely Edelfled' ;
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd ;

Themselves within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail,
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How of their patron, changed, they told;
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his reliques might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!

In his stone-coffin forth he rides
(A ponderous bark for river tides),

Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.

Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,

He chose his lordly seat at last,
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
 Looks down upon the Wear.
 There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
 His reliques are in secret laid;
 But none may know the place,
 Save of his holiest servants three,
 Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
 Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare!
 Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
 (Although with them they led
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
 And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail.
 And the bold men of Tiviotdale,)
 Before his standard fled.
 'T was he, to vindicate his reign,
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
 And turn'd the conqueror back again,
 When, with his Norman bowyer band,
 He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain St Hilda's nuns would learn,
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarn,
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
 The sea-born beads that bear his name:
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
 And said they might his shape behold,

And hear his anvil sound ;
A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
And night were closing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell;
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light.
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,
As reach'd the upper air,
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoan'd their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
 Did of this penitential aisle
 Some vague tradition go,
 Few only, save the abbot, knew
 Where the place lay; and still more few
 Were those, who had from him the clew
 To that dread vault to go.
 Victim and executioner
 Were blind-fold when transported there.
 In low dark rounds the arches hung,
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung:
 The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
 Were all the pavement of the floor;
 The mildew drops fell one by one,
 With tinkling splash, upon the stone.
 A cresset, ¹ in an iron chain,
 Which served to light this drear domain,
 With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,
 As if it scarce might keep alive;
 And yet it dimly served to shew
 The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
 Were placed the heads of convents three;
 All servapts of Saint Benedict,
 The statutes of whose order strict
 On iron table lay;

¹ Antique chandelier

In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shewn,

By the pale cresset's ray:

The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sate for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil:

Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,

And she with awe looks pale:

And he, that ancient man, whose sight
Has long been quench'd by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace is shewn,

Whose look is hard and stern,—

Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his stile;
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
The Saint of Lindisfarn.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew;

And, on her doublet-breast,

She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church number'd with the dead.
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glisterin' fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy.
And there she stood, so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no controul,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;

One, whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt;
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak;
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall;
Who enters at such griesly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Shew'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes,
And, with despite and envy fired, '
Into the cloister had retired ;
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
Strove, by deep penance, to efface
Of some foul crime the stain ;
For, as the vassals of her will,
Such men the church selected still,
As either joy'd in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there.
They knew not how, and knew not where.

XXV.

And now that blind old abbot rose,
To speak the chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to inclose,
Alive, within the tomb :
But stopp'd, because that woeful maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain ;
Her accents might no utterance gain ;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip :
"Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem'd to hear a distant rill --
'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;

For through this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke, she gather'd strength,
And arm'd herself to bear;—
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

« I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I, for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.—
I listen'd to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil,
For three long years I bow'd my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;

And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.—
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.—[•]

'T is an old tale, and often told ;
But, did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me !

XXVIII.

« The king approved his favourite's aim ;
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose faith with Clare's was plight,
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge[•]—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are pray'd,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock ;
And hark ! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout 'Marmion, Marmion, to the sky,
De Wilton to the Block !'
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide,
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven's justice here ?
When loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor's spear.

How false the charge, how true he fell,
 'This guilty packet best can tell.'—
 Then drew a packet from her breast,
 Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX.

«Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
 The hated match to shun.
 'Ho! shifts she thus?' king Henry cried;
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
 If she were sworn a nun.'
 One way remain'd—the king's command
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
 I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
 For Clara and for me:
 This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear,
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair
 A saint in heaven should be.
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

«And now my tongue the secret tells,
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,
 But to assure my soul, that none
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.
 Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
 This packet to the king convey'd,
 Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
 Although my heart that instant broke.—

Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

« Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing.
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones,
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be.»—

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate

Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven: --
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on:
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung:

To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field, and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow ;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain ;
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past ;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.

Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
 Of light and shade's inconstant race;
 Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
 Weaving its maze-irregular;
 And pleased, we listen as the breeze
 Heaves its wild sigh through autumn trees;
 Then wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
 Flow on, flow unconfined, my tale.

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell,
 I love the license all too well,
 In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
 To raise the desultory song?—
 Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
 Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
 To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
 For many an error of the muse,
 Oft hast thou said, « If, still mis-spent,
 Thine hours to poetry are lent,
 Go, and, to tame thy wandering course,
 Quaff from the fountain at the source;
 Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
 Immortal laurels ever bloom:
 Instructive of the feeble bard,
 Still from the grave their voice is heard;
 From them, and from the paths they shew'd,
 Chuse honour'd guide and practised road;
 Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
 With harpers rude of barbarous days.

« Or, deem'st thou not our later time
 Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?

TO CANTO THIRD.

Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable hearse?
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty?—
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrivall'd light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburg arose!
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.
Lamented chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented chief!—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield!
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal!
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,

INTRODUCTION

When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S tomb.

“ Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
Drumless in dungeon as on breach :
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar ;
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,
Against the Invincible made good ;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd ;
Or that, where vengeance and affright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

“ Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame !
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,

TO CANTO THIRD.

Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Monfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Decm'd their own Shakspeare lived again."—

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mightiest powers,
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
That secret power by all obey'd,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source conceal'd or undefined ;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours :
Or whether fittier term'd the sway
Of habit, form'd in early day ?
Howe'er derived, its force confess'd
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.
Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whiten'd wall
Beside the dank and dull canal ?
He'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.

Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in these gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?
No! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range,
Nor for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake,

Thus, while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.

It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honey-suckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd ;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power ;
And marvell'd, as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind.
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-route, and brawl.—
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gate-way's broken arches rang ;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars.
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
• When, pouring from their Highland height.

INTRODUCTION

The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display'd;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire;
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Shew'd what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, carest.

From me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conn'd task?

TO CANTO THIRD.

Nay, Erskine, nay—on the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine, •
And leave untrimm'd the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays,
Since oft thy judgment could refine, •
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line,
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend:
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my tale!

MARMION.

CANTO THIRD.

THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd;
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not chuse the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been pass'd before
They gain'd the height of Lammermore;

Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seem'd large, though rude;
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.

Down from their seats the horsemen sprang,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rang;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamour fills the hall;
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils every where the bustling host.

III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see, where in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;

Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savoury haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide;•
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.
Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,
And view'd, around the blazing hearth,
His followers mix in noisy mirth,
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made:
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldiers' hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine, and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower:—
• Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood:
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper'd forth his mind:—
“Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the fire-brand's fickle light
Glances beneath his cowl!
Full on our lord he sets his eye;
For his best palfrey, would not I
Endure that sullen scowl.”—

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw
The ever-varying fire-light show
That figure stern and face of woe,

Now call'd upon a squire:—
«Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay.
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire.»

VIII.

«So please you,» thus the youth rejoin'd.
«Our choicest minstrel 's left behind.
Ill may we hope to please your ear,
Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
The harp full deftly can he strike,
And wake the lover's lute alike;
To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush;
No nightingale her love-lorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
Detains from us his melody,
Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarn.
Now must I venture, as I may,
To sing his favourite roundelay.»

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,

And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound,
On Suscuchana's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

X.

SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never.

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast.
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying
Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap.
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never.

'IIX

It ceased, the melancholy sound,
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
• And rested with his head a space
Reclining on his hand.

His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have—
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast, to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said,—
“Is it not strange, that as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?”—
Then first the Palmer silence broke
(The live-long day he had not spoke),
“The death of a dear friend.”

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scantily brook,
Even from his king, a haughty look;

Whose accent of command controll'd,
In camps, the boldest of the bold—
Thought, look, and utterance, fail'd him now,
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow :

For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave,
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he fault!—By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd;
Not that he augur'd of the doom,
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth, because, in wild despair,
She practised on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear,
Secure his pardon he might hold,
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.

Thus judging, he gave secret way,
When the stern priests surprised their prey;
His train but deem'd the favourite page
Was left behind, to spare his age;
Or other if they deem'd, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well,
And safe secured in distant cell;
But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
Dark tales of convent vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd.
All lovely on his soul return'd;
Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

«Alas!» he thought, «how changed that mien!
How changed these timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt and of disguise,
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!

No more of virgin terror speaks
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks ;
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair ;
 And I the cause—for whom were given
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven !—
 Would,” thought he, as the picture grows,
 “ I on its stalk had left the rose !
 O why should man’s success remove
 The very charms that wake his love !
 Her convent’s peaceful solitude
 Is now a prison harsh and rude ;
 And, pent within the narrow cell,
 How will her spirit chafe and swell !
 How brook the stern monastic laws !
 The penance how—and I the cause !—
 Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse !—
 And twice he rose to cry “ to horse !”
 And twice his sovereign’s mandate came,
 Like damp upon a kindling flame ;
 And twice he thought “ Gave I not charge
 She should be safe, though not at large ?
 They durst not, for their isid, shred
 One golden ringlet from her head.”—

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion’s bosom strove
 Repentance and reviving love,
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
 I’ve seen Loch Vennachar obey,
 Their host the Palmer’s speech had heard,
 And, talkative, took up the word :—

« Aye, reverend pilgrim, you, who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star.
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence;—if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told.»—
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love);
And, Marmion giving licence cold,
His tale the host thus gladly told.

XIX.

THE HOST'S TALE.

« A clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander fill'd our throne
(Third monarch of that warlike name),
And eke the time when here he came
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord
A braver, never drew a sword;
A wiser never at the hour
Of midnight, spoke the word of power.
The same, whom ancient records call
The founder of the goblin hall.
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof, and ample size,
Beneath the castle deep it lies:
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,

- There never toil'd a mortal arm,
It all was wrought by word and charm ;
• And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamour and affray'
Of those dread artizans of hell,
Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
Sounded as loud as ocean's war,
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

« The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep labouring with uncertain thought :
Even then he muster'd all his host,
To meet upon the western coast ;
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the Frith of Clyde.
There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Norweyan warriors grim,
Savage of heart, and large of limb ;
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And tarried not his garb to change,
But, in his wizard habit strange,
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight !
His mantle lined with fox-skins white ;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharoah's Magi wore ;
His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,
Upon his breast a pentacle ;

His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
And in his hand he held, prepared,
A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

“Dire dealings with the fiendish race
Had mark'd strange lines upon his face:
Vigil and fast had worn him grim;
His eye-sight dazzled seen'd, and dim,
As one unused to upper day;
Even his own menials with dismay
Beheld, Sir Knight, the griesly sire.
In this unwonted wild attire;
Unwonted,—for traditions run,
He seldom thus beheld the sun.
'I know,' he said,—his voice was hoarse,
And broken seem'd its hollow force,—
'I know the cause, although untold,
Why the king seeks his vassal's hold:
Vainly from me my liege would know
His kingdom's future weal or woe;
But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

“Of middle air the demons proud,
Who ride upon the racking cloud,
Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,
The issue of events afar,

But still their sullen aid withhold,
Save when by mightier force controll'd.
Such late I summon'd to my hall :
And though so potent was the call, •
That scarce the deepest nook of hell,
I deem'd a refuge from the spell ;
Yet, obstinate in silence still,
The haughty demon mocks my skill.
But thou,—who little knows't thy might,
As born upon that blessed night,
When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown,—
With untaught valour shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell.'—
'Gramercy,' quoth our monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honour'd brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide.'
His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd.—
'There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark :
Forth pacing hence at midnight dark,
The rampart seek, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down :
A southern entrance shalt thou find ;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine : elfin foe to see,
In guise of thy worst enemy :
Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
Upon him ! and Saint George to speed !

If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'—

XXIII.

« Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the king
To that old camp's deserted round :
Sir knight, you well might mark the mound,
Left hand the town,—the Pictish race
The trench, long since, in blood did trace ;
The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair.
The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild flowers grow ;
But woe betide the wandering wight,
That treads its circles in the night !
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
Gives ample space for full career ;
Opposed to the four points of heaven,
By four deep gaps are entrance given.
The southernmost our monarch past,
Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;
And on the north, within the ring,
Appear'd the form of England's king,
Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
In Palèstine waged holy war :
Yet arms like England's did he wield,
Alike the leopards in the shield,
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
The rider's length of limb the same :

Long afterwards did Scotland know,
Fell Edward ¹ was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

« The vision made our monarch start,
But soon he mann'd his noble heart,
And, in the first career they ran,
The Elfin knight fell, horse and man ;
Yet did a splinter of his lance
Through Alexander's visor glance,
And razed the skin—a puny wound.
The king, light leaping to the ground,
With naked blade his phantom foe
Compell'd the future war to show.

Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
Where still gigantic bones remain,
Memorial of the Danish war ;
Himself he saw, amid the field,
On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
And strike proud Haco from his car,
While all around the shadowy kings
Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.
'Tis said, that, in that awful night,
Remoter visions met his sight,
Fore-shewing future conquests far,
When our sons' sons wage northern war ;
A royal city, tower, and spire,
Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
And shouting crews her navy bore,
Triumphant to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain,
They pass the wit of simple swain.

* Edward I, surnamed Longshanks.

XXV.

" The joyful king turn'd home again,
 Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane ;
 But yearly, when return'd the night
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,
 His wound must bleed and smart ;
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
 ' Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
 The penance of your start.'
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
 King Alexander fills his grave,
 Our Lady give him rest !
 Yet still the nightly spear and shield
 The Elfin warrior doth wield,
 Upon the brown hill's breast ;
 And many a knight hath proved his chance,
 In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
 But all have foully sped ;
 Save two, as legends tell, and they
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.--
 Gentles, my tale is said."—

XXVI.

• The quaighs¹ were deep, the liquor strong,
 And on the tale the yeoman-throng
 Had made a comment sage and long,
 But Marmion gave a sign ;
 And, with their lord, the squires retire ;
 The rest, around the hostel fire,
 Their drowsy limbs recline ;
 For pillow, underneath each head,
 The quiver and the targe were laid.

¹ A wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together

Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion's voice he knew.

XXVIII.

—“Fitz-Eustace! rise,—I cannot rest;
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chafed my mood:
The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale.”—

Then softly down the steps they slid,
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron said :—

XXIX.

« Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
St George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin foe!
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite :—
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring.» —
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace follow'd him abroad,
And mark'd him pace the village road,
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
That one, so wary held, and wise,—

Of whom 't was said, he scarce received
For gospel what the church believed,—
Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night, •
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind;
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
Come town-ward rushing on :
First, dead, as if on^o turf it trode,
Then clattering on the village road,—
In other pace than forth he yode,¹
Return'd Lord Marmion.

Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And, in his haste, well nigh he fell ;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spoke no word as he withdrew :
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon^o-crest was soil'd with clay ;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee,

• 1 Used by old poets for went. •

And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines.
Broken and short ; for still, between,
Would dreams of terror intervene :
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO

JAMES SKENE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest

AN ancient minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"
That motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jaques with envy view'd,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand;
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone; .

And though deep mark'd, like all below,
With chequer'd shades of joy and woe ;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men ;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay ;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
Have don'd their wintry shrouds again ;
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow-mists fly ;
The shepherd, who, in summer sun,
Has something of our envy won,

As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;—
He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain-sides,

Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

¹ Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's ¹ loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

¹ The Scottish Harvest-home.

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene?
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age:
As he, the ancient chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those,—since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late wert doom'd to twine,
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her sire had smil'd,
And bless'd the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions, next his end,
Speak more the father than the friend:
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his minstrel's shade;
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!

But not around his honour'd urn,
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn ;
The thousand eyes his care had dried,
Pour at his name a bitter tide ;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme ;
For sacred was the pen that wrote,
"Thy father's friend forget thou not :"
And grateful title may I plead,
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave :—
'T is little—but 't is all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again ;
When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged, unconfined, from grave to gay.
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too ;

Thou gravely labouring to pourtray
 The blighted oak's fantastic spray;
 I spelling o'er, with much delight,
 The legend of that antique knight,
 Tirante by name, yclep'd the White.
 At either's feet a trusty squire,
 Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
 Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
 And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.
 The laverock whistled from the cloud;
 The stream was lively, but not loud;
 From the white thorn the May-flower shed
 Its dewy fragrance round our head:
 Not Ariel lived more merrily
 Under the blossom'd bough, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
 When winter stript the summer's bowers.
 Careless we heard, what now I hear,
 The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
 When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,
 And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
 And he was held a laggard soul,
 Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl. •
 Then he, whose absence we deplore,
 Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
 The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more;
 And thou, and I, and dear-loved R—,
 And one whose name I may not say,—
 For not Mimosa's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—

In merry chorus well combined,
 With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.
 Mirth was within; and Care, without,
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
 For, like mad Tom's,¹ our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
 Such nights we 've had; and, though the game
 Of manhood be more sober tame,
 And though the field-day, or the drill,
 Seem less important now—yet still
 Such may we hope to share again.
 The sprightly thought inspires my strain!
 And mark, how like a horseman true,
 Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

¹ See *King Lear*.

MARMION.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE CAMP.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sung shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And, with their light and lively call,
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
 Whistling they came, and free of heart,
 But soon their mood was changed;
 Complaint was heard on every part
 Of something disarranged.
Some clamour'd loud for armour lost;
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
 "By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;

Although the rated horse-boy sware,
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
«Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
Of the good steed he loves so well?»—
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—
«What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.»¹

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous complaints suppress'd;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvell'd at the wonders told,—
Pass'd them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

¹ *Alias*, Will o' the Wisp.—See Note.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckon'd with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
"Ill thou deserv'st thy hire," he said;
"Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?
Fairies have ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foam!

I trust, that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross, and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land,
To their infernal home:

For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro."—
The laughing host look'd on the hire,—
"Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou com'st among the rest,
With Scottish broad-sword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."—
Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer shewing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good
Through Humble's and through Saltoun's wood:
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till overhead
A vaulted screen the branches made:
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said;

« Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's meed.»—
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind;
Perchance to shew his lore design'd;
For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton or De Worde.
Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,
For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far;
Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know,
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, show'd

A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;
On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trump a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age;
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As on king's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced;

His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast.
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroider'd round and round.
The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle, and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the king's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazon'd brave,
The lion, which his title gave.
A train, which well beseem'd his state,
But all unarm'd, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms!

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
For well the stately Baron knew
To him such courtesy was due,
Whom royal James himself had crown'd,
And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem;-
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.

Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—
“ Though Scotland’s king hath deeply sworn
Ne’er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion’s name,
And honours much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deem’d it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back;
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry.”—

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may,
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain:
Strict was the Lion-King’s command,
That none, who rode in Marmion’s band,
Should sever from the train :
“ England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron’s witching eyes;”
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun-Castle crowns the bank;

For there the Lion's care assign'd
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne;
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude and totter'd keep
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense.
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted notes, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd, below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;

Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilome were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More;
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 't was melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the castle then,
But, women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
To welcome noble Marmion, came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had march'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
Long may his lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
'T was a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

The pit, or prison vault.—See Note.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honour claims,
Attended as the king's own guest;
Such the command of royal James,
Who marshall'd then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit :
And in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlement they walk'd,
And, by the slowly-fading light,
Of varying topics talk'd;
And, unaware, the herald-bard
Said Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war :
And, closer question'd, thus he told
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enroll'd :—

XV.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

“Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells¹ from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take,
To see all nature gay.
But June is to our sovereign dear
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,—
June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors, who could bring
The princely boy against his king!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

XVI.

“When last this ruthless month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The King, as wont, was praying;
While, for his royal father's soul,
The chaunters sung, the bells did toll,
The bishop mass was saying—

¹ An ancient word for the cry of deer.—See Note.

For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;
But, while I mark'd what next befel,
It seem'd as I were dreaming.
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
Now, mock me not, when, good my lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on,—
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the saint,
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostlè John.

XVII.

“He stepp'd before the monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,

And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said, . "
In a low voice,—but never tone
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone :—
' My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn'd beware :
God keep thee as he may !'
The wondering monarch seem'd to seek
For answer, and found none ;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward past ;
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanish'd from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies.—

XVIII.

While Lindesay told this marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,
While listening to the tale :
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke : « Of nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never super-human cause
Could e'er controul their course ;

And, three days since, had judged your aim
Was but to make your guest your game.

But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught.—He staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid :

But, by that strong emotion press'd,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,

Even when discovery 's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.

Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare :
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

“In vain,” said he, “to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head :

Fantastic thoughts return'd ;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.

So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.

The southern entrance I pass'd through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.

Methought an answer met my ear,—

Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

“ Thus judging, for a little space
I listen’d, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I’ve fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight, and mix’d affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem’d starting from the gulph below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

“ Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he ’gainst the shock of hell?—
I roll’d upon the plain.
High o’er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain:
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!—
I knew the stern vindictive look,

And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last ;
For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghastr,
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade :
But when to good Saint George I pray'd
(The first time e'er I ask'd his aid) ,
He plunged it in the sheath ;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seem'd to vanish from my sight :
The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'T were long to tell what cause I have
To know his face that met me there,
Call'd by his hatred from the grave
To cumber upper air ;
Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy.»—

XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount ;
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had happ'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And train'd him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.

“ And such a phantom, too, ’t is said,
With Highland broad-sword, targe and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Achnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.*
And yet, whate’er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, host, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain ;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin.»—
Lord Marmion turn’d him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried.
Then press’d Sir David’s hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said ;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland’s camp to take their way,—
Such was the king’s command.

XXVI.

Early they took Dun-Edin’s road,
And I could trace each step they trode ;

* See the traditions concerning Bulmer, and the spectre called *I.hanhdearg*, or Bloody-hand, in a note on Canto III.

Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock nor stone,
Lies on the path to me unknown.
Much might it boast of storied lore;
But, passing such digression o'er,
Suffice it that their route was laid
Across the furzy hills of Braid.
They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
And climb'd the opposing bank, until
They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom and thorn and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Orlist'd, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din—
Now from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain :
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook;
To me they make a heavy moan
Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,
Since Marmion, from the crowl
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown :
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,

Upland, and dale, and down :
A thousand did I say ? I ween,
Thousand on thousands there were seen,
That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town ;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular ;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some reliques of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green :
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come ;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank •
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
And charger's shrilling neigh ;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare

To embers now the brands decay'd,
 Where the night-watch their fires had made.
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,
 By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
 And culverins which France had given.¹
 Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
 Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
 Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol,² there
 O'er the pavilions flew.
 Highest and midmost, was described
 The royal banner floating wide :
 The staff a pine-tree strong and straight,
 Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
 Which still in memory is shown,
 ' Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
 Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
 And gave to view the dazzling field,
 Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

¹ Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.

² Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—
He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
 Until within him burn'd his heart,
 And lightning from his eye did part,
 As on the battle-day ;
Such glance did falcon never dart,
 When stooping on his prey.
 « Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
 Thy king from warfare to dissuade
 Were but a vain essay ;
For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal, nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine,
 In glorious battle-fray !»—
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood :
« Fair is the sight,—and yet 't were good,
 That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still at rest,
 Than rise, perchance to fall.»—

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
• That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,

And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky.
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law ;
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note.
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle-hand,
And making demi-volte in air,
Cried, «Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land !»
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see ;
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,

And sackbut deep, and psalter
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,•

Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime, 1.

And thus the Lindsay spoke:—
“Thus clamour still the war-notes when
The king to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to Saint Catherine's of Sienné,
Or chapel of Saint Rocque.

To you they speak of martial fame;
But me remind of peaceful game,

When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

“Nor less,” he said,—“when looking forth.
I view yon Empress of the North

Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers—

Nor less,” he said, “I moan,
To think what woe mischance may bring;
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant king;

Or, with their larum, call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—

But not from my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!

Lord Marmion, I say nay:—
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—

But thou thyself shalt say,
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bower,

Her monks the death-mass sing;
For never saw'st thou such a power

Led on by such a king.—
And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,

And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient court and king,
In the succeeding lay.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO

GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

Edinburgh.

WHEN dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sun-beam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When sylvan occupation 's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor;

When in his stall the impatient steed
 Is long condemn'd to rest and feed ;
 When from our snow-encircled home,
 Scarce cares the hardest step to roam.
 Since path is none, save that to bring
 The needful water from the spring ;
 When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er
 Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
 And darkling politician, cross'd,
 Inveighs against the lingering post,
 And answering house wife sore complains
 Of carriers' snow-impeded wains :
 When such the country cheer, I come,
 Well pleased, to seek our city home :
 For converse, and for books to change
 The forest's melancholy range,
 And welcome, with renew'd delight.
 The busy day, and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
 Lament the ravages of time,
 As erst by Newark's riven towers,
 And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.
 True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,
 Within its steepy limits pent,
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,
 Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
 Denying entrance or resort,
 Save at each tall embattled port ;

Above whose arch, suspended, hung
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
 That long is gone,—but not so long,
 Since, early closed, and opening late,
 Jealous revolved the studded gate,
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
 A wicket churlishly supplied.
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
 Dun-Edin ! O, how alter'd now,
 When safe amid thy mountain court
 Thou sit'st, like empress at her sport,
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
 For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the championess of old,
 In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
 She for the charmed spear renown'd,
 Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
 Not she more changed, when placed at rest,
 What time she was Malbecco's guest,¹ •
 She gave to flow her maiden vest ;
 When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
 Free to the sight her bosom heaved ;
 Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
 Erst hiddden by the aventayle ;

See « The Fairy Queen, » Book III. Canto IX.

SPENSER.

And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
Her locks profuse of paly gold.
They who whilome, in midnight fight,
Had marvell'd at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares awhile ;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella's claims,
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane ;
Nor durst light Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charm'd at once and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte !

So thou, fair city ! disarray'd
Of battled wall, and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, But lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown ;
• Still, as of yore, Queen of the North !
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line ;

• For every one her liked, and every one her loved. •

SPENSER

For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come is may,
Dun-Edin ! that eventful day,—
Renown'd for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to share ;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for the good town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty ;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's reliques, sad she saw.

Truce to these thoughts !—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change,
For fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for tradition's dubious light,
That hovers twixt the day and night :
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
Creation of my fantasy,

Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
 And make of mists invading men.—
 Who loves not more the night of June
 Than dull December's gloomy noon?
 The moonlight than the fog of frost?
 And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
 A sound of the romantic strain,
 Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
 Could win the royal Henry's ear,
 Famed Beauchamp call'd, for that he loved
 The minstrel, and his lay approved?
 Who shall these lingering notes redeem
 Decaying on oblivion's stream;
 Such notes as from the Breton tongue
 Marie translated, Blondel sung?—
 O! born, Time's ravage to repair,
 And make the dying muse thy care;
 Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
 Was poising for the final blow,
 The weapon from his hand could wring,
 And break his glass, and shear his wing,
 And bid reviving in his strain,
 The gentle poet live again;
 Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
 An unpedantic moral gay,
 Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
 On wings of unexpected wit;
 In letters, as in life, approved,
 Example honour'd, and beloved,—
 Dear ELIAS! to the bard impart
 A lesson of thy magic art,

To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend !

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O !
No more by thy example teach
What few can practise, all can preach ;
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given ;
Forbid the repetition, Heaven !

Come listen, then ! for thou hast known,
And loved the minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oak, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come, listen !—bold in thy applause,
The bard shall scorn pedantic laws,
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand ;—
So shall he strive, in 'changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
 And make of mists invading men.—
 Who loves not more the night of June
 Than dull December's gloomy noon?
 The moonlight than the fog of frost?
 And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
 A sound of the romantic strain,
 Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
 Could win the royal Henry's ear,
 Famed Beauchere call'd, for that he loved
 The minstrel, and his lay approved?
 Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
 Decaying on oblivion's stream;
 Such notes as from the Breton tongue
 Marie translated, Blondel sung?—
 O ! born, Time's ravage to repair,
 And make the dying muse thy care;
 Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
 Was poising for the final blow,
 The weapon from his hand could wring,
 And break his glass, and shear his wing,
 And bid reviving in his strain,
 The gentle poet live again;
 Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
 An unpedantic moral gay,
 Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
 On wings of unexpected wit;
 In letters, as in life, approved,
 Example honour'd, and beloved,—
 Dear ELIAS! to the bard impart
 A lesson of thy magic art,

To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend !

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O !
No more by thy example teach
What few can practise, all can preach ;
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given ;
Forbid the repetition, Heaven !

Come listen, then ! for thou hast known,
And loved the minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oak, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come, listen !—bold in thy applause,
The bard shall scorn pedantic laws,
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand ;—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

MARMION.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COURT.

THE train has left the hills of Braid ;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground ;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.

Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare ;
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes ;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought ;
And little deem'd their force to feel,
Through links of mail, and plates of steel.
When, rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

MARMION.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through;
And much he marvell'd one small land
Could marshal forth such various band :
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show ;
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,
For visor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight ;
But burnish'd were their corslets bright,
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd
In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,

With iron quilted well ;
Each at his back (a slender store),
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.—
Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand ;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie ;
More dreadful far his ire,
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joy'd to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease ;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame ;
Let vassals follow where they lead,

Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
But war's the Borderer's game.

Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,

O'er mountain, moss, and moor:
Joyful to fight their took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.

These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
Look'd on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow.

But when they saw the lord array'd
In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
“ Hlist, Ringan! seest thou there!
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?—
O! could we but on Border side,
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair!
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistening hide;
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
“ Could make a kirtle rare.”

V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man;
Just then the chiefs their tribes array'd,
And wild and garish semblance made,

The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid;
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,
To every varying clan;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Look'd out their eyes, with savage stare,
On Marmion as he past;
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And harden'd to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head;
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broad-sword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,
And reach'd the city gate at last,

Where all around, a wakeful guard,
 Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.
 Well had they cause of jealous fear,
 When lay encamp'd, in field so near,
 The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
 As through the bustling streets they go,
 All was alive with martial show;
 At every turn, with dinning clang,
 The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang,
 Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel
 The bar that arms the charger's heel;
 Or axe, or faulchion to the side
 Of jarring grindstone was applied.
 Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
 Through street, and lane, and market-place,
 Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
 While burghers, with important face,
 Described each new-come lord,
 Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,
 His following,¹ and his warlike fame.
 The Lion led to lodging meet,
 Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street;
 There must the Baron rest,
 Till past the hour of vesper tide,
 And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
 Such was the king's behest.
 Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
 A banquet rich, and costly wines,
 To Marmion and his train:
 And when the appointed hour succeeds,
 The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,

(¹ Following—Feudal retainers

And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassel, mirth, and glee :
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour ;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past ;
It was his blithest,—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the court a dancing ray ;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;
There ladies touch'd a softer string ;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;
While some, in close recess apart,
Court'd the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain ;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power

O'er coldness and disdain ;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverend, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doff'd, to Marmion bending low,
His broider'd cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of marten wild ;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled ;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown ;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright ;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare :
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
 Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazle was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
 His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
 And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance
 That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joy'd in banquet-bower;
 But, mid his mirth, 't was often strange,
 How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
 If, in a sudden turn, he felt
 The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 't was strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,

And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :
 To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the king to make accord,
 Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay king allegiance own ;
 For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a Turkois ring, and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
 For her to break a lance ;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
 In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest ;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share ;
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd
The ruin of himself and land !
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop bright and sheen,
 From Margaret's eyes that fell,—

His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's
 bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
 And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her monarch's risk in battle broil;—
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
 Was plainer given to view;
For all, for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the king,
And then around the silent ring;
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung.

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had
none,

He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
«Now tread we a measure!» said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, «'T were better
by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar.»

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
«She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,» quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar

XIII.

The monarch o'er the syren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung ;
And, pressing closer, and more near,
He whisper'd praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied ;
And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seem'd to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest, too,
A real or feign'd disdain :
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeased surprise ;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission show'd :
" Our borders sack'd by many a raid,
Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said ;
" On day of truce our warden slain,
Stout Barton kill'd, his vessels ta'en—
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain ;
Our full defiance, hate and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant view'd :
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat :
Princes and favourites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat ;
The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
Its dungeons, and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers.
Though now, in age, he had laid down
His armour for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand ;
Yet often would flash forth the fire,
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand ;
And even that day, at council board,
Unapt to sooth his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.

XV.

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,
• Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,

Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower :
His locks and beard in silver grew ;
His eye-brows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the monarch stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued :
« Lord Marmion, since these letters say,
That in the North you needs must stay,
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say,—Return to Lindisfarn,
Until my herald come again.—
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold ;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd ;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the maids of heaven.
Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say.»
And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,
Across the monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak ;
His proud heart swell'd well nigh to break :
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek'

A burning tear there stole.

His hand the monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook ;

“ Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive !
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,

I well may say of you,—
That never king did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender, and more true ;¹

Forgive me, Douglas, once again.”—
And, while the king his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whisper'd to the king aside :

“ Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed !
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart :
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye !”—

¹ O, Douglas ! Douglas !

Tendir and trew.

The Houlate

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd
And tamper'd with his changing mood.
"Laugh, those that can, weep those that may,"
Thus did the fiery monarch say,
"Southward I march by break of day ;
And if within Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt :
"Much honour'd were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come ;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood ;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby hills the paths are steep ;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep :
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent :
Yet pause, brave prince, while yet you may."—
The monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance,—a hall ! a hall !"¹
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led dame Heron gallantly ;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

¹ The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
What to Saint Hilda's maids befel,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,
Till James should of their fate decide ;
And soon, by his command,
Were gently summon'd, to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,
Again to English land.
The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,
Nor knew which saint she should implore ;
For, when she thought of Constance, sore
She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt !
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under heaven
By these defenceless maids ;
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
Mid bustle of a war begun ?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the king assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd ;

And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who wam'd him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the church's weal,
And health of sinner's soul ;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch and high,
Above the stately street ;
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy dame.
The moon among the clouds rode high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moon-beam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements play'd.

And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war.—
A solemn scene the Abbess chose!
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

XXI.

« O, holy Palmer !» she began,—
« For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trode the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found ;
For his dear church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love,—
How vain to those who wed above!—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came);
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despiteously,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,¹
When he came here on Simnel's part ;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove : —the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the king ;

¹ A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield.

Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Guelders he had known ;
And that between them then there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his castle sent ;
But when his messenger return'd,
Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd !
For in his packet there were laid
Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,
And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.
His fame thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear, by spear and shield ;--
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wonderous are His ways above !
Perchance some form was unobserved ;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;
Else how could guiltless champion quail,
Or how the bless'd ordeal fail ?

XXII.

« His squire, who now De Wilton saw
As recreant doom'd to suffer law,
Repentant, own'd in vain,
That, while he had the scrolls in care,
A stranger maiden, passing fair,
Had drench'd him with a beverage rare ;
His words no faith could gain.
With Clare alone he credence won,
Who, rather than wed Marmion,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,
To give our house her livings fair,
And die a vestal vot'ress there—

The impulse from the earth was given,
But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,
No, not since Saxon Edelfled ;
 Only one trace of earthly strain,
 That for her lover's loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain,
 And murmurs at the cross.—
And then her heritage,—it goes
 Along the banks of Tame ;
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer, and huntsman, knows
 Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble vot'ress here,
 Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
 By my consent should win ;
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn,
That Clare shall from our house be torn ;
And grievous cause have I to fear,
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

“ Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
 By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,

By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the church of God !
For mark :—When Wilton was betray'd,
And with his squire forged letters laid,
She was,—alas ! that sinful maid,
By whom the deed was done,—
O ! shame and horror to be said,
She was—a perjured nun !
No clerk in all the land, like her,
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme
Her lover's nuptial hour ;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honour's stain,
Illimitable power :
For this she secretly retain'd
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal ;
And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,
Through sinner's perfidy impure,
Her house's glory to secure,
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

“T were long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell ;
With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true !
Who knows what outrage he might do,
While journeying by the way ?—

O blessed saint, if e'er again
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,
 To travel or by land or main,
 Deep penance may I pay!—
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer;
 I give this packet to thy care,
 For thee to stop they will not dare;
 And O! with cautious speed,
 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
 That he may shew them to the king;
 And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,
 While priest can sing and read.—
 What ail'st thou?—Speak!—For as he took
 The charge, a strong emotion shook
 His frame; and, ere reply,
 They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,
 That on the breeze did die;
 And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
 "Saint Withold save us!—What is here?
 Look at yon City Cross!
 See on its battled tower appear
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,
 And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
 Rose on a turret octagon;

(But now is razed that monument,
 Whence royal edict rang,
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent
 In glorious trumpet-clang.
 O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!--
 A minstrel's malison ' is said.—)
 Then on its battlements they saw
 A vision, passing nature's law,
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen ;
 Figures that seem'd to rise and die,
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
 While nought confirm'd could ear or eye
 Discern of sound or mien.
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there
 Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
 With trumpet sound, and blazon'd fair,
 A summons to proclaim ;
 But indistinct the pageant proud,
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
 When flings the moon upon her shroud
 A wavering tinge of flame ;
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,
 This awful summons came :—

XXVI.

“ Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
 Whose names I now shall call,
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear !
 Subjects of him who sent me here,

' i. e. Curse.

At his tribunal to appear,
I summon one and all :
I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within ;
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan !
When forty days are past and gone,
I cite you, at your monarch's throne,
To answer and appear ”—
Then thunder'd forth a roll of names :—
The first was thine, unhappy James !
Then all thy nobles came ;
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,
Why should I tell their separate style ?
Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile,
Was cited there by name ;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbay,
De Wiltōh, erst of Aberley,
The self-same thundering voice did say.—
But then another spoke :
“ Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on High,
Who burst the sinner's yoke.”—

At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell ;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
And found her there alone.
She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love,
To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The grey-hair'd Sire, with pious care
To chapels and to shrines repair.—
Where is the Palmer now? and where
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—
Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair
They journey in thy charge :
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band ;
Angus, like Lindesay, did command,
That none should roam at large.
But in that Palmer's alter'd mien
A wondrous change might now be seen ;
Freely he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand,
When lifted for a native land ;
And still look'd high, as if he plann'd
Some desperate deed afar.

His courser would he feed and stroke,
And, tucking up his sable frocke,
• Would first his metal bold provoke,
Then sooth or quell his pride.
Old Hubert said, that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
• A steed so fairly ride.


XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,
By Eustace govern'd fair,
A troop escorting Hilda's dame,
With all her nuns, and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought ;
Ever he fear'd to aggravate
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate ;
And safer 't was, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,
And suit by Henry's self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.
His was no flickering flame, that dies
Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady's eyes ;
He long'd to stretch his wide command
O'er luckless Clara's ample land :
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest, by that meanness won
He almost loath'd to think upon,

Led him, at times, to hate the cause,
Which made him burst through honour's laws.
If e'er he loved, 't was her alone,
Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause awhile,
Before a venerable pile,
Whose turrets view'd afar
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable dame,
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honour'd guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her bark to Whitby fair.
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thank'd the Scottish prioress:
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that pass'd between.
O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said,—“ I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part ;—
Think not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obey'd ;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
That you must wend with me.



Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
Commanding, that beneath his care,
Without delay, you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."—

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd ;
But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,
Grew pale as death, and cold as lead;—
She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.
" Cheer thee, my child !" the Abbess said,
" They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band."—

 " Nay, holy mother, nay,"
Fitz-Eustace said, " the lovely Clare
Will be in Lady Angus' care,
 In Scotland while we stay ;
And, when we move, an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide
 Befitting Gloster's heir ;
Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word,
 To harass Lady Clare ;
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
 That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
 Within her kinsman's halls."—
He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace ;
His faith was painted on his face,

And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, griev'd ;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistercian shook :
Douglas, and the king," she said,
" In their commands will be obey'd ;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall." —

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And—" Bid," in solemn voice she said,
" Thy master, bold and brave,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he there shall written see,
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the monks forth of Coventry,
Bid him his fate explore !
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
His charger hurl'd him to the dust,
And, by a base plebeian thrust,
He died his band before.
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me ;
He is a chief of high degree,

And I a poor recluse;
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
 Even such weak minister as me
 May the oppressor bruise :
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
 The mighty in his sin,
 And Jael thus, and Deborah,—
 Here hasty Blount broke in :
 “ Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band :
 St Anton’ fire thee ! wilt thou stand
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
 To hear the lady preach ?
 By this good light ! if thus we stay,
 Lord ! nion, for our fond delay,
 Will sharper sermon teach.
 Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse
 The dame must patience take perforce.”—

XXXII.

“ Submit we then to force,” said Clare ;
 “ But let this barbarous lord despair
 His purposed aim to win ;
 Let him take living, land, and life ;
 But let be Marmion’s wedded wife
 In me were deadly sin :
 And if it be the king’s decree,
 That I must find no sanctuary,
 Where even a homicide might come,
 And safely rest his head,
 Though at its open portals stood,
 Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
 The kinsmen of the dead,—

Yet one asylum is my own
Against the dreaded hour ;
A low, a silent, and a lone,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare !—
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one ;
Weeping and wailing loud arose
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they pass'd,
And, sudden, close before them show'd
His towers, Tantallon vast ;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows ;
The fourth did battled walls inclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow draw-bridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates an entrance long
To the main court they cross.

It was a wide and stately square :
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair ?
Or why the tidings say,
Which varying to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts or fleeter fame,
With every varying day ?
And, first, they heard King James had won
Etain, and Wark, and Ford ; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.
At that sore marvell'd Marmion :—
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland :
But whisper'd news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.—
Such acts to chronicles I yield ;
Go seek them there, and see :
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host

On that high ridge had made their post,
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gatler'd in the Southern land,
And march'd into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe and swear:—
“A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day:
Death to my fame, if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay.”—
Then bade his band, they should array
For march against the dawning day.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO

RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

Mertoun-House, Christmas

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At loam more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone:

Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recal
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holy green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the misletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd her pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner chuse;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."

All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plumb-porridge stood, and Christmas pye;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;

White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made;
 But, O! what masquers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'T was Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
 'T was Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
 Some remnants of the good old time;
 And still, within our vallies here,
 We hold the kindred title dear,
 Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim
 To southern ear sounds empty name;
 For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
 Is warmer than the mountain-stream.¹
 And thus, my Christmas still I hold
 Where my great-grandsire came of old,
 With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
 And reverend apostolic air,
 The feast and holy-tide to share,
 And mix sobriety with wine,
 And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
 Small thought was his, in after-time,
 E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
 The simple sire could only boast,
 That he was loyal to his cost;

¹ "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

The banish'd race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined;
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
And flies constraint the magic wand
Of the fair dame that rules the land,
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer,
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
When not a leaf is on the bough.
Tweed loves them well, and turns again.
As loth to leave the sweet domain,
And holds his mirror to her face,
And clips her with a close embrace:—
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just, ~~then~~ at this time of glee,
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!
For many a merry hour we've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,
And leave these classic tomes in peace!
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
Were "pretty fellows in their day;"¹

¹ Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir,—a very pretty fellow in his
"Old Bachelor."

But time and tide o'er all prevail—
 On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—
 Of wonder and 'of war.—« Profane !
 What! leave the lofty Latian strain,
 Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
 To hear the clash of rusty arms ;
 In fairy land or Limbo lost,
 To jostle conjuror and ghost,
 Goblin and witch !»—Nay, Heber dear,
 Before you touch my charter, hear ;
 Though Leyden aids, alas ! no more,
 My cause with many-languaged lore,
 'This may I say :—in realms of death
 Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith* ;
 Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
 'The ghost of murder'd Polydore ;'
 For omens, we in Livy cross,
 At every turn, *locutus Bos*.
 As grave and truly speaks that ox,
 As if he told the price of *books* ;
 Or held, in Rome republic,
 The place of common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
 Their legends wild of woe and fear.
 To Cambria look—the peasant see,
 Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
 And shun « the Spirit's Blasted Tree.»
 The Highlander, whose red claymore
 The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,
 Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
 If ask'd to tell a fairy tale :

He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
 Who leaves that day his grassy ring :
 Invisible to human ken,
 He walks among the sons of men.*

Didst e'er, dear Heber, pass along
 Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
 Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
 Hangs o'er the stream and hamlet fair?—
 Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
 A mighty treasure buried lay,
 Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
 By the last lord of Franchémont.
 The iron chest is bolted hard,
 A huntsman sits, its constant guard ;
 Around his neck his horn is hung,
 His hanger in his belt is slung ;
 Before his feet his bloodhounds lie :
 An 't were not for his gloomy eye,
 Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
 As true a huntsman doth he look,
 As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
 Or ever hollow'd to a hound.
 To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
 In that same dungeon ever tries
 An aged necromantic priest ;
 It is an hundred years at least,
 Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
 And neither yet has lost or won.
 And oft the conjuror's words will make
 The stubborn demon groan and quake ;
 And oft the bands of iron break,

Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
Fast as 't is open'd, shuts again.
Tha magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clench'd the spell,
When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure-cell.
An hundred years are past and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from heaven,
That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's king,
Nor less the infernal summoning;
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose demon fought in gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's golden-cave.
But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can review
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoard, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While grapple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use—
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.

Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart ;
Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
Can, like the owner's self, enjoy them ?—
But hark ! I hear the distant drum :
The day of Flodden field is come.—
Adieu, dear Heber ! life and health,
And store of literary wealth.

MARMION.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE BATTLE.

WHILE great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanour, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuff'd the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's king in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day;
While these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the dame's devotions share :
For the good countess ceaseless pray'd
To heaven and saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified ;—

Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
• The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep,
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repell'd the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;
The bloody heart was in the field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign ;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement ;

The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd;
No need upon the sea-girt side;
The steepy rock and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
And list the sea-bird's cry;
Or slow, like noon-tide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-grey bulwark's side,
And ever on the heaving tide
Look down with weary eye.
Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recal the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again;
For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown:
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorn'd her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground;

Of holy ornament, alone
Remain'd a cross with ruby stone;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
Her breviary book.
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been,
To meet a form so richly dress'd,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woeful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,
Some love-lorn fay she might have been,
Or, in romance, some spell-bound queen;
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess there,
Perchance, does to her home repair;
Her peaceful rule, where duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with charity;
Where oft devotion's tranced glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision, and deep mystery;

The very form of Hilda fair,¹
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
O ! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the saint her form deny ?
Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn ?
Or lie my warm affections low
With him, that taught them first to glow ?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild command,
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now ! condemn'd to hide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl :
Of such a stem a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.

« But see !—what makes this armour here ? »
For in her path there lay
Targe, corslet, helm ;—she view'd them near.—
« The breast-plate pierced ! »—Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton !—Oh ! not corslet's ward,

¹ See note.

Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard

On yon disastrous day !—

She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—

—WILTON himself before her stood !

It might have seem'd his passing ghost,

For every youthful grace was lost ;

And joy unwonted, and surprise,

Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—

Expect not, noble dames and lords,

That I can tell such scene in words :

What skilful limner e'er would chuse

To paint the rainbow's varying hues.

Unless to mortal it were given

To dip his brush in dyes of heaven ?

Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade ;

Brightening to rapture from despair,

Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,

And joy, with her angelic air,

And hope, that paints the future fair,

Their varying hues display'd :

Each o'er its rival's ground extending,

Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,

Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,

And mighty Love retains the field.

Shortly I tell what then he said,

By many a tender word delay'd,

And modest blush, and bursting sigh,

And question kind, and fond reply.

VI.

DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

“ Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay.
Thence dragg’d,—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman’s shed.
Austin,—remember’st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair?—
Menials, and friends, and kindsmen fled
From the degraded traitor’s bed,—
He, only, held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return’d to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e’er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And in a palmer’s weeds array’d,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journey’d many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.

Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
When I would'sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon ;
And, while upon his dying bed,
He begg'd of me a boon—
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

“ Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish'd of my wound,—
None cared which tale was true :
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his palmer's dress;
For, now that sable slough is shed,
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely knew me in the glass.
A chance most wond'rous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—
I will not name his name !
Vengeance to God alone belongs ;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame !

And ne'er the time shall I forget,
 When, in a Scottish hostel set,
 Dark looks we did exchange ;
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell ;
 But in my bosom muster'd hell
 Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

“ A word of vulgar augury,
 That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
 Brought on a village tale ;
 Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
 And sent him armed forth by night.
 I borrow'd steed and mail,
 And weapons from his sleeping band ;
 And, passing from a postern-door,
 We met, and 'counter'd, hand to hand,—
 He fell on Gifford-moor.
 For the death-stroke my brand I drew
 (O then my helmed head he knew,
 The palmer's cowl was gone),
 Then had three inches of my blade
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
 My hand the thought of Austin staid ;
 I left him there alone.—
 O, good old man ! even from the grave,
 Thy spirit could thy master save :
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
 Given to my hand this packet dear,
 Of power to clear my injured fame,
 And vindicate De Wiltón's name.—

Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of hell,
That broke our secret speech—

- It rose from the infernal shade,
Or featly was some juggle play'd,
A tale of peace to teach.

Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

IX.

“ Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his faulchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the dead Douglas won the field.
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
Ere morn, shall every breach repair;
For nought, he said, was in his halls,
But ancient armour on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men;
The rest were all in Twisel glen.¹
And now I watch my armour here,
By law of arms, till midnight's near;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

¹ Where James encamped before taking post at Flodden.

X.

« There soon again we meet, my Clare !
This Baron means to guide thee there :
Douglas reveres his king's command,
Else would he take thee from his hand.
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more »—« O, Wilton ! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more ?
And is there not a humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor ?
That reddening brow !—too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
While falsehood stains thy name :
Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee go !
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
And weep a warrior's shame ;
Can red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame ! »—

XI.

Inat night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,

And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though, seam'd with scar:
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silvery moon-shine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas' blood,
With mitre shcen, and rocquet white.
Yet shew'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood:
O'er his huge form, and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.

He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array ;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the faulchion belt,
And judge how Clara changed her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue !
Then Douglas struck him with his blade :
" Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !
For king, for church, for lady fair,
See that thou fight."—
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—" Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble ;
For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double."—
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
" Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother !"—
" Nay, nay," old Angus said, " not so ;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.

I have two sons in yonder field ;
 And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
 Upon them bravely—do thy worst ;
 And foul fall him that blanches first !”—

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride.
 He had safe-conduct for his hand,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide :
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whisper'd, in an under tone,
 “ Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”
 The train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu :—
 “ Though something I might plain,” he said
 “ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand.”
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
 “ My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation stone—
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;

And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near—
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),—
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?"—
~~No~~, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—

Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
If the ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace;
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.

'T is pity of him, too," he cried:
" Bold can he speak, and fairly ride :
I warrant him a warrior tried."—
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle's halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They cross'd the heights of Stanrig-moor,
His troop more closely there he scann'd,
And miss'd the Palmer from the band.—
" Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
" He parted at the peep of day ;
Good sooth it was in strange array."—
" In what array?" said Marmion, quick.
" My lord, I ill can spell the trick ;
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang :
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loop-hole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapp'd in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air ;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk :
Last night it hung not in the hall ;
I thought some marvel would befall.
~~And~~ next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the earl's best steed ;

A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt to his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
"The earl did much the master¹ pray
To use him on the battle-day;
But he preferr'd"—"Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,
What did Blount see at break of day?"

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
(For then I stood by Henry's side)
The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
Upon the earl's own favourite steed;
All sheathed he was in armour bright,
And much resembled that same knight
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:
Lord Angus wish'd him speed.
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke;
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; "'T was nor fay nor ghost,
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now?—he told his tale
To Douglas; and with some avail;

¹ His eldest son, the Master of Angus.

'T was therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
 Will Surrey dare to entertain,
 'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
 Small risk of that, I trow.
 Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
 Must separate Constance from the nun—
 O what a tangled web we weave,
 When first we practise to deceive!—
 A Palmer too!—no wonder why
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
 I might have known there was but one
 Whose look could quell Lord Marmion.—

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
 His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
 Where Lennel's convent closed their march
 (There now is left but one frail arch,
 Yet mourn thou not its cells;
 Our time a fair exchange has made;
 Hard by, in hospitable shade,
 A reverend pilgrim dwells,
 Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
 That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood).
 Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
 Give Marmion entertainment fair,
 And lodging for his train and Clare.
 Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
 To view afar the Scottish power,
 Encamp'd on Flodden edge:
 The white pavilions made a show,
 Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion look'd :—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry

Amid the shifting lines :

The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For flashing on the hedge of spears

The eastern sun-beam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extending,
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,

Now drawing back, and now descending,

The skilful Marmion well could know

They watch'd the motions of some foe,

Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was ;—from Flodden ridge

The Scots beheld the English host

Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,

And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd

The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while

They dive into the deep defile ;

Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,

Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,

Troop after troop are disappearing ;

Troop after troop their banners rearing,

Upon the eastern bank you see.

Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till,

And rising from the dim-wood glen,

Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo rang ;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile ?
What checks the fiery soul of James ?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead ?
What veils the vain knight-errant's brand ?
—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand !
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed !
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—“ Saint Andrew and our right ! ”
No other sight had seen that morn,

From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne !—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain ;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz Eustace shouted loud and high,—
 " Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum !
 And see, ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon : —hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
 Lord Surrey's o'er the Till !—
Yet more ! yet more !—how fair array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
 And sweep so gallant by !
With all their banners bravely spread,
 And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
 To see fair England's standards fly."—
" Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, " thou'dst best.
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
" This instant be our band array'd ;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—

The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins.”—

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu,

Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.

Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And mutter’d as the flood they view,
“ The pheasant in the falcon’s claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw :
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,!

So Clare shall bide with me.”

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat’s eddies creep,

He ventured desperately :

And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,

And stems it gallantly.

Eustace held Clare upon her horse,

Old Hubert led her rein,

Stoutly they praved the current’s course,
And though far downward driven per force,

The southern bank they gain ;

Behind them, straggling, came to shore,

As best they might, the train :

Each o’er his head, his yew-bow bore,

A caution not in vain ;

Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharm’d should sharply ring.

A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breath'd his steed, his men array'd,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray ;
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon mouth ;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid :
“ Here, by this cross,” he gently said,
“ You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :
O think of Marmion in thy prayer !—
Thou wilt not ?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train ;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.
But, if we conquer, cruel maid !
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again.”—

He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurr'd amain,
And, dashing through the battle-plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
"Thanks noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there he paid;
But parting like a thunder-bolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sun-beams now were bent ;
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view ;
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
« Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.»—
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreath'd in sable smoke ;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lances thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,

And fiends in upper air ;
O ! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descrie.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;

But nought distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and faulchions flash'd amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,

Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;

Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,

And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword pli
'T was vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky!

A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;

Loud were the clanging blows;

Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high

The pennon sunk and rose;

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,

When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,

It waver'd mid the foes.

No longer Blount the sight could bear:—

« By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,

I will not see it lost!

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare

May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—

I gallop to the host.»

And to the fray he rode amain,

Follow'd by all the archer train.

The fiercy youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too ; yet staid,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,

Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—

The scatter'd van of England wheels ;—

She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, " Is Wilton there ?"—
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die,—" Is Wilton there ?"—

With that, straight up the hill there rode

Two horsemen drench'd with gore,

And in their arms, a helpless load,

A wounded knight they bore.

His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand .
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion !—
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—" By Saint George, he 's gone !
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head !
 Good night to Marmion."—
 " Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace ; " peace !"

XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
 " Where 's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
 Cry—' Marmion to the rescue !'—Vain !
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
 Yet my last thought is England's :—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring :
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring :—
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
 Edmund is down :—my life is reft ;
 The admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan.
And half he murmur'd,—“Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!”—

XXX.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable' as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, issuing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.

Where shall she turn?—behold her mark

A little fountain cell,

Where water, clear as diamond-spark,

In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,

DRINK. WEARY. PILGRIM. DRINK. AND. PRAY.

FOR. THE. KIND. SOUL. OF. SYBIL GREY.

WHO. BUILT. THIS. CROSS. AND. WELL.

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,

And with surprise and joy espied

A monk supporting Marmion's head ;

A pious man, whom duty brought

To dubious verge of battle fought,

To shrieve the dying, bless the dead

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,

And as she stoop'd his brow to lave—

“ Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,

“ Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?”

Then, as remembrance rose,—

“ Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !

I must redress her woes.

“ Short space, few words are mine, to spare :

Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !”—

“ Alas !” she said, “ the while,—

O think of your immortal weal !

In vain for Constance is your zeal :

She——died at Holy Isle.”

Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wound ;

Though in the action burst the tide,
 \ In torrents from his wounded side.
 "Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.—
 I would the fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to staunch, the gushing wound:
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was on his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"*
 So the notes rung;—
 "Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 ● Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—

O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting scene,
But never aught like this.”
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted “Victory!—
“Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring,
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again.

While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the royal standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
“O, lady,” cried the monk, “away!”—
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And, at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the rig;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;

Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side :—
There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,

Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one,
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be ;
Nor to yon Border castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye ;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain :
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Besecm'd the monarch slain.
But, O ! how changed since yon blithe night !—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Litchfield's lofty pile ;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.
(Now vainly for its site you look ;
'T was levell'd, when fanatic Brook
Th' fair cathedral storm'd and took ;
But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had !)

There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised ;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as « wede away .»
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
And dragg'd him to its foot and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en ;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone ;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
And broke her font of stone :
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.

Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry ;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair ;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marmion brave. —
When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong :
If every devious step, thus trod,
Still lead thee further from the road ;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;
But say, " He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself,
That all through Flodden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight ;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
'T was Wilton mounted him again ;
'T was Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood,—
Urnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all ;

That, after fight, his faith made plain,
He won his rank and lands again,
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden field.—
Nor sing I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That king and kinsmen did agree
To bless fair Clara's constancy ;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal's state ;
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke ;
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw ;
And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
« Love they like Wilton and like Clare ! »—

L'ENVOY.

TO THE READER. .

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?¹—
To statesmen grave, if such may deign
To read the minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand and piercing wit.
And patriotic heart —as PITT!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowlëge to the studious sage,
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

¹ Used generally for *tale*, or *discourse*.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE I.

*As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse.—P. 14.*

The Romance of the Morte Arthur contains a sort of abridgement of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure old English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be published, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal.

“ Right so Sir Launcelot departed; and when he came to the Chapell Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the church-yard, he saw, on the front of the chapell, many faire rich shields turned upside downe, and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before; with that he saw stand by him thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever he had seene, and all those grinned and guashed at Sir Launcelot; and

when he saw their countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe battaile; and they were all armed in black harneis, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapell, and then hee saw no light but a dimme lampe burning, and then was hee ware of a corps covered with a cloath of silke; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as if the earth had quaked a little, whereof hee was afeared, and then he saw a faire sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hied him out of the chapell. As soon as he was in the chapell-yerd, all the knights spoke to him with a grimly voice, and said, 'Knight Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.' 'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Launcelot, 'with no great words get yee it againe, therefore fight for it and yee list.' Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chapell-yerd, there met him a fair damosel, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.' 'I will not leave it,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for no threats.' 'No?' said she; 'and ye did leave that sword, Queene Guenever should ye never see.' 'Then were I foole and I would leave this sword,' said Sir Launcelot. 'Now, gentle knight,' said the damosel, 'I require thee to kisse mé once.' 'Nay,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that God forbid!' 'Well, sir,' said she, 'and thou haddest kissed me, thy life dayes had been done; but now, alas!' said she; 'I have lost all my labour; for I ordained this chapell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine: and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there lieth dead in yonder chappell, Sir Gilbert the bastard, and at that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastard's left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seaven yeare; but there may no woman have thy love, but Queen Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoyce to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balmed it and served, and so

have kept it my life daies, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queene Guenever.' 'Yee say well,' said Sir Launcelot; 'Jesus preserve me from your subtil craft!' And therewith he took his horse, and departed from her."

NOTE II.

*A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.*—P. 14.

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten, a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land, suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever, or Gauore; and in this holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters, as that which follows:

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path, but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and by the crosse, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so darke, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Lancelot tied his horse to a tree, and there hee put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell door, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire caudlesticke, which beare six great caudles, and the candlesticke was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but hee could find no place where he might enter. Then was he

passing heaue and dismaied Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helme, and ungirded his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield before the crosse.

And so, he fell on sleepe, and halfe waking and halfe sleeping, hee saw come by him two palfreys, both faire and white. the which beare a litter, therein lying a sicke knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'Oh sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessell come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespassse' And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that, Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire tapers, come before the crosse; but he could see no body that brought it. Also, there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sancgreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithall the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Fairst sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vessell, take heede to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malady.' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell, and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.' So when the holy vessell had been there a great while, it went into the chappell againe with the candlesticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with sinne, that hee had no power to arise against the holy vessell, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thanke God, right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed: But I have right great mervaille of this sleeping knight which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath beene here present.' 'I dare it'

right well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly sinne, whereof he has never confessed.' 'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be, he is unhappie; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entred into the quest of the Sancgreall.' 'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword,' and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seene, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more harde than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the liefe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, hee was passing heavy, and wit not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then hee deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called."

NOTE III.

*And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald king and court
Baule him toil on to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play.*—P. 14.

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the book of Daniel, he adds:

“ Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by yon the world, a rude draft of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem), and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should chuse that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line,)—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me.”

NOTE IV.

Of Ascapart and Bevis bold.—P. 16.

The “History of Bevis of Hampton” is abridged by my friend Mr George Ellis, with that liveliness which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of

chivalry. Ascapart, a most important personage in the romance, in thus described in an extract:

This geaunt was mighty and strong, •
 And full thirty foot was long.
 He was bristled like a sow;
 A foot he had between each brow;
 His lips were great, and hung aside;
 His eyen were hollow; his mouth was wide.
 Lothly he was to look on than,
 And liker a devil than a mau.
 His staff was a young oak,
 Hard and heavy was his stroke.

Specimens of Metrical Romances, vol. II. p. 136.

I am happy to say, that the memory of Sir Bevis is still fragrant in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is centinelled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant, and his gigantic associate.

NORF V.

*Day set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, etc.—P. 17.*

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbandford), is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shews it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164 it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II. in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de

Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the king, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison: yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation. After that period it passed through various hands. At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey (afterwards Earl of Monmouth), for his own life, and that of two of his sons. After King James's accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for 6000*l*. See his curious Memoirs, published by Mr Constable of Edinburgh.

According to Mr Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal B. G. 216 a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable: "The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogsheds of salted salmon, forty quartes of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good Fletcher (*i. e.* maker of arrows) was required."—*History of Scotland*, vol II. p. 201. Note.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults and fragments of other edifices, inclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

NOTE VI.

The Donjon keep.—P. 17

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive

the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*. Ducange (*vocæ DUNJO*) conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called *DUN*. Borlase supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called *Dungeons*; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

NOTE VII.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,

In mail, and plate, of Milan steel.—P. 20.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV, and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Mareschall, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry: "These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat, and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—*JOHNIS' Froissart*, vol. IV. p. 597.

NOTE VIII.

The golden legend bore aright,

WHO CHECKS AT ME, TO DEATH IS DIGHT.—P. 20.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story. Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting,

and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Who¹ so pinches at her, his death is dight '
In graith. '

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:

I bear a pie picking at a piece,
Who so picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,³
In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice:—In the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded, that Sir Piers,² in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

¹ Prepared.

² Armour.

³ Nose.

NOTE IX.

*They hail'd Lord Marmion :
 They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Lutterward and Scrivelhaye,
 Of Tamworth tower and town.*—P. 23.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, lords of Fontenay in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion,* who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I. by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and 'o do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymocke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars: I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family who, in the reign of Edward II, performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful

Ballad, «The Hermit of Warkworth.» The story is thus told by Leland.

«The Scottes came yn to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herhotel, and overran much of Northumberlañd marches.

«At this tyme Thomas Gray and his friends defended Norham from the Scottes.

It were a wonderful processe to declare, what mischefes cam by hungre and asseges, by the space of xi yeris in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude after they had got Berwick, that the nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

About this tyme there was a great feste made yn Lincolnshir. to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amouge them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very rich creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be scene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither within 4 days of cumming cam Philip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his haude 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

«Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, sēynge this, brought his garison afore the barriers of the castle, behind whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heaulme, his lady's present.

«Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir knight, ye be cum hithe to fame your helmet: mount up on yowr horse, and ryde like a valiant man to yowr foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alyve, or I my-selt will dye for it.'

«Whereupon he took his cursere, and rode among the throng of ennemyes; the which layed sore stripes on hym, and pulled hym at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

«Then Thomas Gray with al the hole garriñon, lette prick y among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrown; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn' chase.

There were taken 50 horse of price ; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase "

NOTE X.

Largesse, largesse.—P. 23. •

This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights Stewart of Lorn distinguishes a ballad, in which he satirizes the narrowness of James V. and his courtiers, by the ironical burden—

Larges, lerges, lerges, hay,

Lerges of this new year day.

First lerges, of the king, my chief,

Who came as quiet as a thief,

And in my hand slid—shillings twae! ¹

To put his largeness to the prief, ²

For larges of this new year day.

The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose ~~facts~~ ^{facts} they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in Stanza XXI. p. 29.

NOTE XI.

Sir Hugh the Heron bold,

Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,

And Captain of the Hold.—P. 24.

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William ; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose syren charms[•] are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland being surrendered by Henry VIII. on

¹ Two.

² Proof.

account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own castle at Ford — See SIR RICHARD HERON'S curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family*.

b

NOTE XII.

*The whiles a Northern harper rude
 Haunted a rhyme of deadly feud,—*

« How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all, » etc. Page 24

This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners in Alston-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esquire, of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but when she was a girl, it used to be sung at merry-makings, « till the roof rung again.» To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the « Fray of Support, »¹ having the same irregular stanza and wild chorus.

I.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot-awa',
 Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thirwalls, and a',
 Ha' set upon Albany² Featherstonhaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadmaushaugh?

There was Williemoateswick,
 And Hardriding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa',
 I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
 And mony a mair that the deil may know.

II.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
 Ran away afore the fight was begun;

¹ See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol I p. 250

² Pronounced *Awbony*.

And he run, and he run,
 And afore they were done,
 There was mony a Featherston gat sic a stun,
 As never was seen since the world begun.

III.

I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
 Some gat a skelp,¹ and some gat a claw;
 But they gard the Featherstons haud their jaw,—
 Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
 Some gat a hurt and some gat nane;
 Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.⁴

IV.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;⁴
 Ane gat a bunch⁵ o' the wame;⁶
 Symy Hlaw gat lamed of a leg,
 And syne ran wallowing⁷ hame.

V.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!
 Lay him now wi' his face down:—he's a sorrowful sight.
 Janet, thou donot,⁸
 I'll lay my best bonnet,
 Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night

VI.

Hoot away, lads, hoot away,
 We's a' be hangid if we stay.
 Tak' up the dead man, and lay him ahint the bigging;
 Here 's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,⁹

¹ *Skelp* signifies *slap*, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled *Schlap*.

² *Hold their jaw*, a vulgar expression still in use.

³ Got stolen, or were plundered; a very likely termination of the trav

⁴ Neck. ⁵ Punch. ⁶ Belly. ⁷ Bellowing.

⁸ *Silly slut*. The Border Bard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain husband; a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.

⁹ The Bailiff of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the trav was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping poet.

Wi' his great bull's pizzle,
That sup'd up the broo', and syne — — the piggin.

In explanation of this ancient ditty, Mr Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum :—Willimoteswick, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is situated two miles above the confluence of the Allon and Tyne. It was a house of strength, as appears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation.² It has been long in possession of the Blacket family. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding,³ the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I, was sold on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa' seems to be William Ridley of Waltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman Wall. Thirlwall Castle, whence the clan of Thirlwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Toppel, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*, i. e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherstone Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston-moor. Albany Featherstonhaugh, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Ridleys and Featherstones, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates. 24 Oct. 22do *Henrici 8vi. Inquisitio capt. apud Hautwhistle, sup. visum corpus Alexandri Featherston, Gen. apud Grensilhaugh, felonice interfecti*, 22 Oct. *per Nicolaum Ridley de Unthanke, Gen. Hugon Ridle, Nicolaum Ridle, et alios ejusdem nominis* Nor were the Featherstones without their

2

²An iron pot with two ears.

³ Willimoteswick was, in prior editions, confounded with Ridley Hall, situated two miles lower, on the same side of the Tyne, the hereditary seat of William C. Lowes, Esq.

⁴ Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was, according to some authorities, born at Hardriding, where a chair was preserved, called the Bishop's chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and namesake Dr Gloucester Ridley, assign the honour of the martyr's birth to Willimoteswick.

revenge ; for 36to Henrici 8vi, we have— *Utlagatio Nicolai Featherston, ac Thome Nyxson, etc. etc. pro homicidio Will Rulle de Morale.*

NOTE XIII.

*James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower.*—P. 27

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland, and James IV, after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this inroad.

SURREY Are all our braving enemies shrunk back ;
Hid in the fogges of their distempered climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In sight of this infected ayre ? Can they
Looke on the strength of Cundrestine defact ;
The glorie of Heydonhall devastated ; that
Of Edington cast downe ; the pile of Fulden
Overthrowne : And this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton Castle, yeelded and demolished, •
And yet not peepe abroad ? the Scots are bold,
Hardie in battayle, but it seems the cause
They undertake considered, appears
Unjoynted in the frame on't.

NOTE XIV.

*For here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;
Have drunk the monks of St Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;*

*Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods.*—P. 28.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington wrote a poem, called «The Blind Baron's Comfort;» when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was *harried* by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 200 nolt, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots, (l 8 : 6 : 8,) and every thing else that was valuable. «This spoil was committed the 16th day of May, 1570, (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind,) in time of peace; when nane of that country *lippeden* (expected) such a thing.» «The Blind Baron's Comfort» consists in a string of puns on the word *Blythe*, the name of the lauds thus despoiled. Like John Littlewit, he had «a conceit left him in his misery,—a miserable conceit.»

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a house. When the Maxwells, in 1685, burned the castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone «light to set her hood.» Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the king and council, that he dressed himself, at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages, burned by the Scottish marauders.

NOTE XV.

The Priest of Shoreswood.—P. 29.

This churchman seems to have been a-kin to Welsh, the vicar of St Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. «This man,» says Holinshed, «had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightilie compact: He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow, and also in the cross-bow; he handled

his hand-gun and perce very well; he was a very good wool-man, and a hardie, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling, or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin, in Cornwall; and yet in this rebellion, an arch-captain, and a principal doer.—Vol. IV. p. 958, 4to edition. This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church.

NOTE XVI.

*And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retir'd to God.*—P. 31.

* Sante Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of, till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm, she was carried up there by the hands of angels; for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steepy, and break-neck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement, as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees, in a certain place, which is now open'd on purpose to show it to those who came here. This chapel is very richly adorn'd; and on the spot where the saint's dead body was discover'd, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is open'd on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with fine iron and brass work;

and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it " — *Voyage to Sicily and Malta*, by Mr John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.

NOTE XVII.

Himself still sleeps before his beads

Have mark'd ten avers, and two creeds.—P. 33.

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Rahelais. " But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep. The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and, beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

NOTE XVIII.

The summon'd Palmer came in place;

— — — — —

In his black mantle was he clad,

With Peter's keys in cloth of red,

On his broad shoulders wrought.—P. 33.

A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the *Pilgrim* retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The *Palmer*s seem to have been the *Questionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296. There is, in the Bannatyne MS. a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled " *Simmy and his Brother.*" Their accoutrements are thus ludicrously described (I discard the ancient spelling).

Syne shaped them up to loup on leas,

Two tabards of the tartan;

They counted nought what their clouts were

When sewed them on in certain.

Syne clampit up St Peter's keys,

Made of an old red gartane :

St James's shells, on t'other side, shews
As pretty as a partane

Toe,

On Symmye and his brother.

NOTE XIX.

*To fair St Andrew's bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good St Rule his holy lay
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.—P. 34.*

St Regulus (*Scotticé*, St Rule), a monk of Patræ in Achæa, warned by a vision, is said, A. D. 370, to have sailed westward until he landed at St Andrew's in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St Andrew's, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the miserable ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, probably slept. At full tide egress and regress are hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonised the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient name of Killrule (*Cella Reguli*) should have been superseded, even in favour of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the reliques of St Andrew.

NOTE XX.

*Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can fienzi'd dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore.—P. 35.*

St Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. Although

Popery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it : There are, in Perthshire, several wells and springs dedicated to St Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness ; and, in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

NOTE I.

*The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair* —P. 37.

Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting. When the king hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1528, James V. « made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Teviotdale, Annandale, Liddesdale, and other parts of that country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs, to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country, as he pleased. The whilk the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highland, did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner to hunt with the king, as he pleased.

« The second day of June the king passed out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggitland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds: that is to say, Grammat, Pappert-law, St Mary-laws, Carlavirick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts.»¹

These huntings had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the duty of a vassal. The

act for abolishing ward, or military tenures, in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, hosting, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these huntings were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, having been present at Braemar upon such an occasion :

“ There did I find the truly noble and right honourable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar ; James Stuart, Earl of Murray ; George Gordon, Earl of Engye, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntley ; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan ; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my last assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercarney, and hundred of others, knights, esquires, and their followers : all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality : for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland countries to hunt ; where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highland-men, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish ; and, in former time, were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*. Their habit is — shoes, with but one sole a-piece ; stockings (which they call short hose), made of a warm stuff of diverse colours which they call tartan ; as for breeches, many of them, nor their fore fathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of ; their garters being bands or wreathes of hay or straw ; with a plaid about their shoulders ; which is a mantle of diverse colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose ; with blue flat caps on their heads ; a handkerchief, knit with two knots, about their necks : and thus they are attired. Now their weapons are — long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, durks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it ;

for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:

"My good Lord of Mar having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting house), who reigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation, for any creature, but deer, wild-horses, wolves, and such like creatures,—which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

"Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages, built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Lonquhards. I thank my good lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging: the kitchen being always on the side of a bank: many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked; sodden, rost, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, muir-coots, heath-cocks, caperkel-lies, and termagants; good ale, sacke, white and claret, tent (or allegant), with most potent aquavita.

"All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camps, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase in the deer, in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd), to such or such a place, as the noblemen

shall appoint them ; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles, through burns and rivers ; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down^h the deer ; but, as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers ; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had staid there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a shew like a wood), which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay ; then all the valley, on each side, being way-laid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, durks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain ; which after are disposed of, some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withal, at our rendezvous »

NOTE II.

—————Yarrow,

Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.—P. 39.

The tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest, against the king, may be found in the « Border Minstrelsy, » vol. I. In the Macfarlane MS. among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw

NOTE III.

Lone Saint Mary's silver lake.—P. 42.

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans ; hence my friend Mr Wordsworth's lines :

NOTES TO MARMION.

The swans on sweet St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow.

Near the lower extremity of the lake, are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott,* daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

NOTE IV.

*For though, in fridul strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low.*—P. 43.

The chapel of Saint Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced: but the burial ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in the preceding note.

NOTE V.

— *The Wizard's grave;*
*That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust.*—P. 44.

At one corner of the burial ground of the demolished chapel but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's corse*,

where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in the « Monk, » and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr James Hogg, more poetically designed the Ettrick Shepherd. To his volume, entitled the « Mountain Bard, » which contains this, and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit, I refer the curious reader.

NOTE VI.

Dark Loch-skene—P. 45.

A mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the « Grey Mare's Tail. » The « Giant's Grave, » afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery designed to command the pass.

NOTE VII.

Where from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,

Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle.—P. 47.

The Abbey of Whitby, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Osway, king of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Dur-

ham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office ; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St Cuthbert, who was sixth bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony," upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon ; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle : for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant.

NOTE VIII.

*Then Whitby's nuns, exulting, told,
How to their house three barons hold
Must menial service do.—P. 55.*

The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whitby : "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce ; the lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy ; with a gentleman and freeholder called Allatson, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the abbot of Whitby ; the place's name was Eskdale-side ; and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before-mentioned, and there having found a great wild boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The bear being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took

in at the chapel-door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door, and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough. But at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the king, removed them out of the sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit, being very sick and weak, said unto them, 'I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me.' The abbot answered, 'They shall as surely die for the same.' But the hermit answered, 'Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.' The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit, 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Ascension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort,

to be cut as aforesaid ; and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whithy, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease ; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers ; and so stake on each side with your strout stowers, that they may stand three tides, without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service, at that very hour, every year, except it be full sea at that hour ; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me ; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you ! Out on you ! Out on you !* for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you, or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whithy, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service ; and I request of you to promise, by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you, and your successors, as is aforesaid requested, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man.' Then the hermit said, ' My soul longeth for the Lord : and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Chirst forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words : '*In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen.*'¹³ So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

« This service, » it is added, « still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person. » Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert. »

NOTE IX.

The lovely Edelfled —P. 55

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the pagan king of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God in the monastery of Whithy, of which St Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

NOTE X.

——— of thousand snakes, each one
 Was changed into a coil of stone,
 When holy Hilda pray'd,—
 ——— how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
 As over Whithy's towers they sail.—P. 55, 56.

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers, who have occasion to mention either Whithy or St Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists *Ammonitæ*.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is betwixt wolves and scylla-roots: for, that such hidden tendencies and aversions as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident, that every body grants it. Mr Charlton, in his History of Whithy, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whithy; and

from the woodcocks and other birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight.

NOTE XI.

His body's resting-place of old,

How oft their patron changed, they told—P. 56

St Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the calendar. He died A. D. 686, in a hermitage upon the Farne islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 763, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St Cuthbert. The saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithorn, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined Chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the saint and his carriage became immoveable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must

admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said, that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the saint's sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depository of so valuable a secret.

NOTE XII.

*Even Scotland's dauntless king and heir, etc
Before his standard fled.—P. 57.*

Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cuton-moor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See CHALMERS'S *Caledonia*, p. 622; a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary.

NOTE XIII.

*'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the conqueror back again.—P. 57.*

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find, in Siimeon of Durham, that the saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies: a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashen-down, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians,

in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees.

NOTE XIV

St Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame

The sea-born beads that bear his name.—P. 57

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *entrotchie* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St Cuthbert's beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the saint's legend contains some not more probable.

NOTE XV.

Old Colwulf.—P. 58.

Ceolwolf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning: for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his « Ecclesiastical History.» He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the order of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objec-

tion, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

These penitential vaults, were the *Grissel-gewolbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.

NOTE XVI.

Tynemouth's haughty prioress.—P. 60.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners, who drove towards the iron bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virea, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin: but, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

NOTE XVII.

On those the wall was to enclose,

Alive, within the tomb.—P. 63.

It is well known, that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman

vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent ; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *VADE IN PACE*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to ; but, among the ruins of the abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

NOTE I.

The village inn —P. 81.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelry, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of « The Friars of Berwick.» Simon Lawder, « the gay ostleir,» seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bourdeaux wine. A least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I. not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provisions for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained, that no man travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge any where except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save inn-keepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings for exercising such hospitality.* But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

NOTE II.

The death of a dear friend.—P. 89

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the « dead bell,» explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the « Mountain Bard,» p. 26.

* James I. Parliament I. cap. 24; Parliament III. cap. 56.

NOTE III.

The Goblin Hall.—P. 92.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford, or Yester (for it bears either name indifferently), the construction of which has, from a very remote period, been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Haro gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment: "Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the East, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his *Annals*, relates, that 'Hugh Clifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, i. e. Hobgoblin-Hall.' A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopes-water. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle is still standing. There is a tradition, that the Castle of Yester was the last fortification in this country that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset." *Statistical Account*, vol. XIII. I have only to add that, in 1737, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquis of Tweeddale's falconer, as I learn from a poem by Boyse, entitled "Retirement," written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.

Sir David Dalrymple's authority for the anecdote is Fordun, whose words are,—*"A. D. MCLXVII, Hugo Giffard de Yester moritur; cupis castrum, vel saltem cavernam, et dongionem, arte demonica antiquæ relationes ferunt fabricatus: nam ibidem habetur mirabilis specus subterraneus, opere mirifico constructus, magno terrarum spatio protelatus, qui communiter Bo-HALL appellatus est."* Lib. X. cap. 71. —Sir David conjectures, that Hugh de Gifford must either have been a very wise man, or a great oppressor

NOTE IV.

*There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Norway's warriors grim.—P. 93.*

In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2d October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns.

NOTE V.

His wizard habit strange.—P. 93.

“Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment, reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger fashion; and their swords have neither guards nor scabbard.” See these, and many other particulars, in the Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to REGINALD SCOTT'S *Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition 1665.

NOTE VI.

Upon his breast a pentacle.—P. 93.

“A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he evokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic.” See the Discourse, etc. above mentioned, p. 66.

NOTE VII.

*As born upon that blessed night,
When yawning graves and dying groans,
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown.—P. 93.*

It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on

Christmas, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

NOTE VIII.

*Yet still the mighty spear and shield,
The elfin warrior doth wield*

Upon the brown hill's breast.—P. 98.

The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy Superstitions, in «The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,» vol. II. will shew whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the goblin knight are derived :

« Gervase of Tilbury (*Otia Imperial. ap. Script. rer. Brunsvic.* vol. I. p. 797.) relates the following popular story concerning a fairy knight : ‘ Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprung up, and, darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood. Gervase adds, that, as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh

on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit.'—Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, travelling by night, with a single companion, came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion, who advanced from the ranks, apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and his steed.»—*Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*, p. 554.

Besides the instances of Elfin Chivalry above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Lham-dearg*, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him: and the clergyman, who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that, in his time, *Lham-dearg* fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict. Barclay, in his «*Euphormion*,» gives a singular account of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house, in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when, behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling; this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body, and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union; nor did his efforts make a more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the

book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption: which being declined, he was obliged to retreat.

The most singular tale of the kind is contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend Mr Surtees of Mainsforth, in the Bishopric, who copied it from a MS. no. 2 in a copy of Burthogge "On the Nature of Spirits," 8vo. 1694, which had been the property of the late Mr Gill, attorney-general of Eger-ton, Bishop of Durham. "It was not," says my obliging correspondent, "in Mr Gill's own hand, but probably an hundred years older, and was said to be, *E Libro Convent. Dunelm. per T. C. extract.*, whom I believe to have been Thomas Cradocke, Esq. barrister, who held several offices under the see of Durham an hundred years ago. Mr Gill was possessed of most of his manu-scripts." The extract, which, in fact, suggested the introduction of the tale into the present poem, runs thus:

"Rem miram hujusmodi quæ nostris temporibus evenit, teste viro nobili ac fide dignissimo, enarrare haud pigebit. Radulphus Bulmer, cum e castris quæ tunc temporis prope Norham posita erant, oblectationis causa exisset, ac in ulteriore Tuedæ ripa prædam cum canibus leporariis insequeretur, forte cum Scoto quodam nobili, sibique antehac ut videbatur familiariter cognito, congressus est; ac ut fas erat inter inimicos, flagrante bello, brevissima interrogationis mora interposita, alterutros invicem incitato cursu infestis animis petiere. Noster, primo occurso, equo præ acerrimo hostis impetu labante, in terram eversus pectore et capite læso, sanguinem mortui similis evomebat. Quem ut se agere habentem comiter allocutus est alter, pollicitusque modo auxilium non abnegaret, monitisque obtemperans ab omni rerum sacrarum cogitatione abstineret, nec Deo, Deiparæ Virgini, Sanctove ullo, preces aut voto efferreret vel inter sese conciperet, se brevi eum sanum validumque restitutum esse. Præ angore oblata conditio accepta est; ac veterator ille nescio quid obscæni murmuris insusurrans, prehensa manu, dicto citius in pedes sanum ut antea sublevavit. Noster autem, maxima præ rei inaudita novitate formidine percussus, Mi Jesu! exclamat vel quid simile; ac subito

respicens nec hostem nec ullum alium conspicit, equum solum gravissimo nuper casu afflictum, per summam pacem in rivo fluvii pascentem. Ad castra itaque mirabundus revertens, fidei dubius, rem primo occultavit, dein confecto bello, confessori suo totam aperuit. Delusoria procul dubio res tota, ac mala veteratq; illius aperitur fraus, qua hominem Christianum ad vitium tale auxilium pelliceret. Nomen atcunque illius (nobilis alias ac clari) reticendum duco, cum haud dubium sit quin Diabolus, Deo permittente, formam quam libuerit, immo angeli lucis, sacro oculo Dei teste, posset assumere. The MS. Chronicle, from which Mr Cradocke took this curious extract, cannot now be found in the chapter library of Durham, or, at least, has hitherto escaped the researches of my friendly correspondent.

Lindesay is made to allude to this adventure of Ralph Bulmer, as a well known story, in the 4th Canto, Stanza XXII. p. 129.

The nothern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on this subject in BARTHOLOINUS *De Causis contemptæ Mortis a Dams*, p. 253. •

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

NOTE I.

*Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.*—P. 106.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sun-set, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

NOTE II.

Scarce had lamented Forbes paid, etc.—P. 106.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet, unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Beattie," whom he befriended and patronized in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

NOTE III.

Friar Rush.—P. 112.

This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many prauks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by *friar's lantern* led.

"The History of Friar Rush," is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scot, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr Heber; and I observe, from Mr Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

NOTE IV.

*Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms.*—P. 116

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindesay's Works, by Mr George Chalmers, has probably introduced him to many of my readers. It is perhaps to be regretted, that the learned editor has not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet :

I beg leave to quote a single instance from a very interesting passage Sir David, recounting his attention to King James V. in his infancy, is made by the learned editor's punctuation, to say,—

The first sillabis that thou did mute,
Was pa, da, lyn, upon the lute;
Then played I twenty springis perqueir,
Quhilk was great plesour for to hear.

Vol. 1. p. 7, 257.

Mr Chalmers does not inform us, by note or glossary, what is meant by the king « *muting pa, da, lyn, upon the lute* ; » but an old woman in Scotland will bear witness, that pa, da, lyn, are the first efforts of a child to say, *Where's David Lindesay?* and that the subsequent words begin another sentence,—

—upon the lute

Then played I twenty springis perqueir, etc.

In another place, « *justing lumis*, » i. e. looms, or implements of « *tilting*, » is facetiously interpreted « *playful limbs* » Many such minute errors could be pointed out; but these are only mentioned incidentally, and not as diminishing the real merit of the edition.

but, with all its faults, his work is an acceptable present to Scottish antiquaries. Sir David Lindesay was well known for his early efforts in favour of the reformed doctrines; and, indeed, his play, coarse as it now seems, must have had a powerful effect upon the people of his age. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical license, by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion-Herald sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of « Flodden Field » dispatches *Dallamout*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mout, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms, to receive foreign ambassadors; and Lindesay himself did this honour to Sir Ralph Sadler in 1539-40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindesay, inaugurated in 1592, « was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown; » and on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the king's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck, with his fist, the Lion King-at-Arms, when he reproved him for his follies.¹ Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation.

¹ The record expresses, or rather is said to have expressed, the cause of forfeiture to be.—« *Eo quod Leonem, armorum Regem pugnavisset, dum eum de ineptiis suis admonuit.* » See Nisbet's *Heraldry*, Part IV chap. 16. and *Leslai Historia ad Annum 1515*.

NOTE V.

Crichtoun Castle.—P. 117.

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very different regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large court-yard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length, and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent stair-case, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruins shews the contrary. In 1483, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III. whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles, of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Candler, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve those splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering

cattle ; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland, which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the *Massy More*. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the « *Epistole Itinerariæ* » of Tollius : « *Carcers subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant, MAZMORRA,* » p. 147 ; and again, « *Coguntur omnes captivi sub noctem in ergastula subterranea, quæ Turcæ Algezzerani vocant MAZMORRAS,* » p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to shew from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.

NOTE VI.

Earl Adam Hepburn.—P. 119.

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day —

Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
And stepping forth, with stomach good,
Unto the enemies throng he thurst ;
And *Bothwell ! Bothwell !* cried bold,
To cause his souldiers to ensue,
But there he caught a wellcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.

Flodden Field.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary.

NOTE VII.

*For that a messenger from heaven,
In vain to Jamés had counsel given
Against the English war.*—P. 120.

This story is told by Pitscottie with characteristic simplicity : « The king, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through

all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the isles as in the firm land, to all manner of men betwixt sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days' victual, and to meet at the burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where'ne pleased. His proclamations were hastily obeyed, contrary the Council of Scotland's will; but every man loved his prince so well, that they would on no ways disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so hastily, conform to the charge of the king's proclamation.

« The king came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this mean time, there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk-door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth: a pair of brotikings¹ on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde² red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets,³ which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring⁴ for the king, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groffling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: 'Sir king, my mother hath sent me to you desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou will not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bide thee mell⁵ with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

« By this man had spoken thir words upto the king's grace, the evening song was near done, and the king paused on thir

¹ Buskins. ² Long. ³ Checks. ⁴ Asking. ⁵ Meddle. . ⁶

words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the mean time, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay, Lyon-herald, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him: But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen.

Buchanan, in more elegant, though not more impressive language, tells the same story, and quotes the personal information of our Sir David Lindesay: "*In iis (i. e. qui propius astiterant) fuit David Lindesius, Montanus, homo spectatæ fidei et probitatis, nec a literarum studiis alienus, et cujus totius vitæ tenor longissime a mentiendo aberrat; a quo nisi ego hæc uti tradidi, pro certis accepissem, ut vulgatam vanis rumoribus fabulam, omissurus eram.*" Lib. XIII.—The king's throne in St Catherine's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, is still shewn as the place where the apparition was seen. I know not by what means St Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated mourner of James IV. for the expression in Lindesay's narrative, "*My mother has sent me,*" could only be used by St John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture. Mr Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the caution against incontinence, that the Queen was privy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient, to deter King James from his impolitic warfare.

NOTE VIII.

The wild buck bells.—P. 121.

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the

Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of *listening to the hart's bell.*

NOTE IX.

June saw his father's overthrow.—P. 121.

The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV. after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. See a following Note on Canto V. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.

NOTE X.

Spread all the Borough-Moor below, etc.—P. 128

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was, anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber; which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-Moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the

left hand of the high-way leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burntsfield-links. The Hare Stone probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army.

NOTE XI.

O'er the pavilions flew.—P. 130.

I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1513, but Patten gives a curious description of that which he saw after the battle of Pinkey, in 1547:—"Here now to say somewhat of the manner of their camp: As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compass, so wear there few other tentes with posts, as the used manner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot length, but most far under: for the most part all very sumptuously beset, (after their fashion), for the love of France, with fleur-de-lys, some of blue buckram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Fauxsyde Bray, did make so great muster towards us, which I did take then to be a number of tentes, when we came, we found it a linen drapery, of the coarser cambryk in dede, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cabyns, and coaches of their soldiers; the which (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, whereof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two endes beneath stuck in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sowes yoke; over two such bowes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet), they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabin became roofed like a ridge, but skant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery; howbeit, when they had lined them, and stuff'd them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they wear ones couched, they were as warm as they had been wrapt in horses' dung.—PATTEN'S *Account of Somerset's Expedition*.

NOTE XII.

— in proud Scotland's royal shield

The ruddy Lion ramp'd in gold.—P. 133.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double tressure round the shield, mentioned p. 193, *counter fleur-de-lis'd or, lingued and armed azure*, was first assumed by Achaius, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

NOTE I.

Caledonia's queen is changed.—P. 136.

The old town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the « Queen of the North » has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

NOTE II.

Flinging thy white arms to the sea.—P. 137.

*Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in « Caractacus : »

Britain heard the descant bold,
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
Proud in her leafy bosom to unfold
The freight of harmony.

NOTE III.

Since first, when conquering York arose,

To Henry meek she gave repose.—P. 139.

Henry VI. with his queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton. In this note a doubt was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI. came to Edinburgh, though his queen certainly did ; Mr Pinkertou

inclining to believe that he remained at Kirkcudbright. But my noble friend, Lord Napier, has pointed out to me a grant by Henry, of an annuity of forty marks to his lordship's ancestor, John Napier, subscribed by the king himself at *Edinburgh*, the 28th day of August, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, which corresponds to the year of God 1461. This grant, Douglas, with his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1368. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macfarlane's MSS. p. 119, 120, removes all scepticism on the subject of Henry VI. being really at *Edinburgh*. John Napier was son and heir of Sir Alexander Napier, and about this time was Provost of *Edinburgh*. The hospitable reception of the distressed monarch and his family called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet. The English people he says,

« Ung nouveau roy créerent
 Par desputeux vouloir,
 Le vieil en debouterent,
 Et son legitime hoir,
 Qui faytyf alla prendre
 D'Escossé le garand,
 De tous le mendre,
 Et le plus tollerant.»

RECOLLECTION DES AVANTURES.

NOTE IV.

——— *the romantic strain,*
Whose Anglo-Norman strains whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear.—P. 140.

Mr Ellis, in his valuable introduction to the Specimens of Romance, has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Beaumelle, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman kings, rather than those of the French monarchs, produced the birth of Romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from Armorican originals, and translated into Norman-French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which Mr Ellis has given us a *proe* in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel,

the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I. needs no commentary.

NOTE V.

The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.—P. 143.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Hollinshed, "were in length a full cloth-yard." The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts

NOTE VI.

To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,

And high curvett, that not in vain

The sword-sway might descend amain

On forman's casque below.—P. 144. •

"The most useful air, as the Frenchmen term it, is *terrèrè*: the *courbettes*, *cabrioles*, or *un pass et un sault*, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers: yet I cannot deny but a *démivoltè* with *courbettes*, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or *meslee*, for, as Labroue hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Monsieur de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the *démivoltè*, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his *courbette*, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground."—Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Life*, p. 48.

NOTE VII.

He saw the hardy burghers there

• *March arm'd on foot, with faces bare.*—P. 144

The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be

armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth 100l.; their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, i. e. bright steel caps without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their *weapon-shawings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

NOTE VIII.

On foot the yemen too.—P. 144.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes: spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hawberk, or brigantine: and their missile weapons cross-bows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army. The old poem, on the battle of Flodden, mentions a band—

Who manfully did meet their foes,
With leaden mauls, and lances long.

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot.

NOTE IX.

A banquet rich and costly wines.—P. 148.

In all transactions, of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem, that a present of wine was an uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on embassy to Scotland, in 1539-40, mentions with complacency, "the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought

me wine from the king, both white and red.—*Clifford's Edition*, p. 39.

NOTE X.

——— *his iron belt,*

That bound his breast in penance pain,

In memory of his father slain.—P. 151.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pitscottie founds his belief, that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron-belt to shew to any Scotsman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gaiety, approaching to license, was, at the same time tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself. There is a very singular poem by Dunbar, seemingly addressed to James IV. on one of these occasions of monastic seclusion. It is a most daring and profane parody on the services of the church of Rome, entitled,

Dunbar's Dirge to the King,

Byding ower lang in Strivling

We that are here, in heaven's glory,

To you that are in purgatory,

Commend us on our hearty wise;

I mean we folks in Paradise,

In Edinburgh, with all merriness,

To you in Stirling, with distress,

Where neither pleasure nor delight is,

For pity this epistle wrytis, etc.

See the whole in Sibbald's collection, vol. I. p. 234.

NOTE XI.

Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway.—P. 152.

It has been already noticed, that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the king's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of *« The Genealogy of the Heron Family »* endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See PINKERTON'S *History*, and the authorities he refers to, vol. II. p. 99. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn, and Heron of Ford, were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband.

NOTE XII.

*For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a Turkish ring, and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance.*—P. 152.

« Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, shewing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honour. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity: that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses.» PISCOTTIE, *op.* 110.—A turkiois ring;—probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

NOTE XIII.

Archibald Bell-the-Cat.—P. 157.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for

strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion: James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains, that he delighted more in music, and "policies of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill-advised, as to make favourites of his architects, and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathise in the king's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar. And seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the king had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight counsel in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the king's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of the measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed the resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell-the-cat*." The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pitscottie:—

"By this was advised and spoken by thir lords aforesaid, Cochran, the Earl of Mar, came from the king to the council (which counsel was holden in the kirk of Lauder for the time), who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bends thereon, that they might be known for Cochran Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing horns, with both the ends of gold and silk, set with a precious stone, called a herryll, hanging in the midst. This Cochran had his hermont horn before him, overguilt with gold; and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his pallions were of fine canvas of silk, and

the cords thereof fine twined silk, and the chains upon his pallions were double overgilt with gold

* This Cochran was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be marrows to him; therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council enquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, laird of Lochleven, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who enquired who that was that knocked so rudely? And Cochran answered, 'This is I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to cause take him, as is afore rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus past hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him a tow¹ would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing horn from him in like manner, and said, 'He had been the hunter of mischief over long.' This Cochran asked, 'My lords, is it mows,² or earnest?' They answered, and said, 'It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find: for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shall have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.'

* Notwithstanding, the lords held them quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the king's pallion, and two or three wise men to pass with them, and give the king fair pleasant words, till they laid hands on all the king's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion tows and bind his hands; for he thought shame to have his hands bound with such a tow of hemp, like a thief. The lords answered, he was a traitor, he deserved no better; and, for despight, they took a hair tether,³ and hanged him

¹ Rope.

² Jest.

³ Halter.

over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices.”—
PITSCOTTIE, p. 78, folio edit.

NOTE XIV.

*Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.*—P. 157.

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely on the impolicy of fighting, that the king said to him with scorn and indignation, “if he was afraid, he might go home.” The earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons, George, master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden.

NOTE XV.

Then rest you in Tantallon Hold.—P. 158

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The king went in person against it, and, for its reduction, borrowed from the castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitcottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were “Thrawn-mouth’d Mow and her Marrow;” also, “two great botcards, and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons;” for the safe guiding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, not-

withstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simeon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation, for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.'

There is a military tradition, that the old Scottish March was meant to express the words.

Ding down Tantallon,
Mak a brig to the Bass.

Tantallon was at length « dung down » and ruined by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourer of the royal cause. The castle and barony were sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas.

NOTE XVI.

Their motto on his blade.—P. 158.

A very ancient sword in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godscroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem :

So mony guid as of ye Douglas beinge, ,,
Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seine. '

The very curious State Papers of this able negotiator have been lately published by Mr Clifford, with some Notes by the author of *Marmion*.

I will ye charge, efter yat I depart,
 To holy grawe, and there bury my hart,
 Let it remaine ever BOTHE TIME AND HOWR
 To ye last day I sie my Saviour.

I do protest in tyme of al my ringe,
 Ye lyk subject had never ony keing

This curious and valuable relique was nearly lost during the civil war of 1745-6, being carried away from Douglas-Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partizans of Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore, of the usual size, is of an excellent temper, and admirably poized.

NOTE XVII.

Martin Swart —P. 163.

The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. There were songs about him long current in England.— See Dissertation prefixed to Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1792. page lvi

NOTE XVIII.

*Perchance some form was unobserved,
 Perchance in prayer, or faith he swerved.*—P. 164

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salvos for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amelion," the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armour, swears that he did not commit the crime of which the Steward, his antagonist, truly though maliciously, accused him whom he represented. Brantome tells a story of an Italian, who entered the lists upon an unjust quarrel, but, to make his cause good, fled from his enemy at the first onset. "Turn, coward!" exclaimed his anta-

gonist. "Thou liest," said the Italian, "coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it." "*Je vous laisse a penser,*" adds Brantôme, "*s'il n'y a pa de l'abus la.*" Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory; "*Un autre abus y avoit-il, que ceux qui avoient un juste sujet de querelle, et qu'on les faisoit jurer avant entrer au camp, pensoient estre aussitost vainqueurs, voire s'en assuroient-t-ils du tout, mesme que leurs confesseurs, par-rains et confidants leurs en respondoient tout-a-fait, comme si Dieu leur en eust donné une patente; et ne regardant point à d'autres fautes passées, et que Dieu en garde la punition à ce coup là pour plus grande, despitouse, et exemplaire.*"—Discours sur les Duels.

NOTE XIX.

Dun-Edin's Cross.—P. 167.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above these rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved at the House of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session, (*proh pudor!*) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass, called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.

NOTE XX.

This awful summons came.—P. 168.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Pitscottie is characteristically minute, and furnishes, besides, some curious particulars of the equipment of the army of James IV. I need only add to it, that Plotcock, or Plutock, is no other than Pluto. The Christians of the middle ages by no means disbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities: they only considered them as devils; and Plotcock, so far from implying any thing fabulous, was a synonyme of the grand enemy of mankind. « Yet all their warnings, and uncouth tidings, nor no good counsel, might stop the king, at this present, from his vain purpose, and wicked enterprize, but hasted him fast to Edinburgh, and there to make his provisions and furnishing, in having forth of his army against the day appointed, that they should meet in the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh: That is to say, seven cannons that he had forth of the castle of Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Sisters, casten by Robert Borthwick, the master-gunner, with other small artillery, bullet, powder, and all manner of order, as the master-gunner could devise.

« In this mean time, when they were taking forth their artillery, and the king being in the Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plotcock; which desired all men to compear, both Earl, and

¹ See, on this curious subject, the Essay on Fairies, in the « Border Minstrelsy » vol. II., under the fourth head; also Jackson on Unbelief, p. 175. Chaucer calls Pluto the « King of Faerie, » and Dunbar names him « Pluto, that elrich incubus. » If he was not actually the devil, he must be considered as the « prince of the power of the air. » The most remarkable instance of these surviving classical superstitions, is that of the Germans, concerning the Hill of Venus, into which she attempts to entice all gallant knights and detains them in a sort of Fool's Paradise.

Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his own name), to compare, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience. But whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly; but it was shewn to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair foreanent the cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown, and cast over the stair, saying, I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and takes me all whole in the mercy of God, in Christ Jesus his son. Verily the author of this, that caused me write the manner of the summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me, there was no man that escaped that was called in this summons, but that one man alone which made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons: but all the lave were perished in the field with the king."

NOTE XXI.

Fitz-Eustace bade them pause awhile

Before a venerable pile.—P. 172.

The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercian nuns, near North Merwick, of which there are still some remains. It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216

NOTE XXII.

That one of his own ancestry

Drove the monks forth of Coventry.—P. 174.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom Willam of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: "*Homo bellicosus, ferocia, et astucia, fere nullo suo tempore impar.*" This Baron,

having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks no doubt termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers. the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

NOTE I.

——— the *savage Dane*

At 1.1 more deep the mead did dram.—P. 179.

The tol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the history of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment, against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury, holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for a «spoiling the king's fire.»

NOTE II.

On Christmas eve the mass was sung.—P. 180.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, excepting on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics, with which that holiday used to be celebrated, might admit of a long and curious note; but I shall content myself with the following description of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's Masques for the Court.

« *ENTER CHRISTMAS, with two or three of the Guard. He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned*

hat, with a broach, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied across, and his drum beaten before him.—

• The names of his children, with their attires.

• *Miss-Rule*, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller; his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a chrese, and a basket.

• *Caroll*, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.

• *Minc'd-pie*, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons.

• *Gamboll*, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer armed with cole-staff, and blinding cloth.

• *Post and Pair*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.

• *New-year's-gift*, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of broaches, with a collar of gingerbread; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm.

• *Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.

• *Wassal*, like a neat sempster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands, and rosemary, before her.

• *Offering*, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand; a wyth born before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer.

• *Baby Cocke*, drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease.

NOTE III.

Who lists, may in their mumming see

Traces of ancient mystery.—P. 181.

It seems certain, that the Mummers of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guisards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some

indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (*ipso teste*), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of 'our neighbours' plumb-cake was deposited. One played a Champion, and recited some traditional rhymes, another was

... Alexander, king of Macedon,
Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone,
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
To see a little nation so courageous and bold.

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited. It were much to be wished, that the Chester Mysteries were published from the MS. in the Museum, with the annotations which a diligent investigator of popular antiquities might still supply. The late acute and valuable antiquary, Mr Ritson, shewed me several memoranda towards such a task, which are probably now dispersed or lost. See, however, his *Remarks on Shakspeare*, 1783, p. 38.—Since the quarto edition of MARMION appeared, this subject has received much elucidation from the learned and extensive labours of Mr Douce.

NOTE IV.

*Where my great grandsire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair.*—P. 182.

Mr Scott of Harden, my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Merton-house, the seat of the Harden family.

" With amber beard, and flaxen hair.
And reverend apostolic air,

Free of anxiety and care,
 Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine
 We'll mix sobriety with wine,
 And easy mirth with thoughts divine
 We Christians think it holiday,
 On it no sin to feast or play ;
 Others, in spite, may fast and pray
 No superstition in the use
 Our ancestors made of a goose ;
 Why may not we, as well as they,
 Be innocently blithe that day,
 On goose or pye, on wine or ale,
 And scorn enthusiastic zeal ?
 Pray come, and welcome, or plague rot
 Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott."

Mr Walter Scott, Lessudden.

The venerable old gentleman, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Baeburn. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose ; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored. A mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell's usurpation ; for, in Cowley's " Cutter of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upbraids another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to " wear a beard for the king." I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor's beard ; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Bay Macdougall, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr Pitcairn, ¹ was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genus. By the son of the late Earl of Kelly, descended on the maternal side from Dr Pitcairn, my father became possessed of the portrait in question.

NOTE V.

The Spirit's Blasted Tree.—P. 184.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting « *Ceubren yr Ellyll*, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree,» a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington :

« The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughans of Hengwyrth: nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Sele, and Owen Glendwr, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery in the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other.† The story is somewhat changed and softened, as more favourable to the characters of the two chiefs, and as better answering the purpose of poetry, by admitting the passion of pity, and a greater degree of sentiment in the description. Some trace of Howel Sele's mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracts of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vener and Cymmer. The former is retained, as more generally used.

THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

Ceubren yr Ellyll.

Through Nannau's Chace as Howel pass'd,
A Chief esteem'd both brave and kind,
Far distant horn'd, the stag-hound's cry
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

Starting, he bent an eager ear,—
How should the sounds return again?
His hounds lay wearied from the chace,
And all at home his hunter train.

Then sudden anger flash'd his eye,
And deep revenge he vow'd to take,

† The history of their feud may be found in Pennant's Tour in Wales.

NOTES TO

On that bold man who dared to forge
His red deer from the forest brake.

Unhappy Chief! would nought avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer?

Three ravens gave the note of death,
As through mid air they wing'd their way,
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,
They croak,—they scent their destined prey
Ill-omen'd bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow

Blinded by rage, alone he pass'd,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid;
But what his fate lay long unknown,
For many an anxious year delay'd.

A peasant mark'd his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark boughs,
He saw him near a blasted oak,
But never from that hour return

Three days pass'd o'er, no tidings came;—
Where should the Chief his steps delay?
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.

His vassals ranged the mountain's height,
The covert close, the wide-spread plain;
But all in vain their eager search,
They ne'er must see their lord again.

Yet Fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the Chief once more:
Some saw him on high Moel's top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

With wonder and fright, the tale went round,

Amazement chain'd the hearer's tongue ;

Each peasant felt his own sad loss,

Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,

His aged nurse, and steward grey,

Would lean to catch the storied sounds,

Or mark the flitting spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,

And midnight voices heard to moan ;

'T was even said the blasted oak,

Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan :

And, to this day, the peasant still,

With cautious fear avoids the ground ;

In each wild branch a spectre sees,

And trembles at each rising sound.

Ten annual suns had held their course,

In summer's smile, or winter's storm ;

The lady shed the widow'd tear,

As oft he traced his manly form.

Yet still to hope her heart would cling,

As o'er the mind illusions play,—

Of travel fond, perhaps her lord

To distant lands had steer'd his way.

'T was now November's cheerless hour,

Which drenching rains and clouds deface ;

Dreary bleak Robell's tract appear'd,

And dull and dank each valley's space.

Loud o'er the wier the hoarse flood fell,

And dash'd the foamy spray on high ;

The west wind bent the forest tops,

And angry frown'd the evening sky.

A stranger pass'd Llanelltid's boorne,

His dark-grey steed with sweat besprent,

Which, wearied with the lengthen'd way,
 Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

The portal reach'd—the iron bell
 Loud sounded round the outward wall;
 Quick sprung the warder to the gate,
 To know what meant the clam'rous call.

• O! lead me to your lady soon;
 Say,—it is my sad lot to tell,
 To clear the fate of that brave knight,
 She long has proved she loved so well.”

Then, as he cross'd the spacious hall,
 The menials look surprise and fear;
 Still o'er his harp old Modred hung,
 And touch'd the notes for grief's worn ear

The lady sat amidst her train;
 A mellow'd sorrow mark'd her look:
 Then, asking what his mission meant,
 The graceful stranger sigh'd and spoke:—

• O could I spread one ray of hope,
 One moment raise thy soul from woe,
 Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,
 My words at ease unfetter'd flow!

• Now, lady, give attention due,
 The story claims thy full belief:
 E'en in the worst events of life,
 Suspense removed is some relief.

• Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
 Great Glendower's friend, thy kindred's foe;
 Ah, let his name no anger raise,
 For now that mighty chief lies low!

• E'en from the day, when, chain'd by fate,
 By wizard's dream, or potent spell,
 Lingered from sad Salopins field,
 'Reft of his aid the Perc fell;—

- « Flee from this day's misfortune still,
 As if for violated faith,
 Pursued him with unwearied step,
 Vindictive still for Hotspur's death
 « Vanquish'd at length, the Glyndwr fled,
 Where winds the Wye her devious flood;
 To find a casual shelter there,
 In some lone cot, or desert wood
 « Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,
 He gain'd by toil his scanty bread;
 He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,
 And her brave sons to glory led'
 « To penny extreme, and grief,
 The chieftain sell a lingering prey
 I heard his last few faltering words,
 Such as with pain I now convey
 « 'To Sele's sad widow bear the tale,
 Nor let our horrid secret rest;
 Give but his corse to sacred earth,
 Then may my parting soul be blest'—
 « Dim wax'd the eye that fiercely shone,
 And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,
 And weak that arm, still raised to me,
 Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.
 « How could I then his mandate bear?
 Or how his last behest obey?
 A rebel deem'd, with him I fled;
 With him I shunn'd the light's day.
 « Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
 My country lost, despoiled my land,
 Desperate, I fled my native soil,
 And fought on Syria's distant strand.
 « O, had thy long-lord
 The holy cross a nearer view'd,

Died in the sacred caldron of the hall ;

Sad victim of a private feud :

“ Led, by the ardour of the chase,

Far distant from his own domain ;

From where Garthmaelan spreads her shades,

The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

“ With head aloft, and antlers wide,

A red buck roused then cross'd in view,

Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,

Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

“ With bitter taunt, and keen reproach,

He, all impetuous, pour'd his rage ;

Reviled the chief as weak in arms,

And bade him loud the battle wage.

“ Glyndwr for once restrain'd his sword,

And, still averse, the fight delays ;

But soften'd words, like oil to fire,

Made anger more intensely blaze.

“ They fought ; and doubtful long the fray !

The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound !—

Still mournful must my tale proceed,

And its last act all dreadful sound.

“ How could we hope for wish'd retreat,

His eager vassals ranging wide ?

His bloodhound's keen sagacious scent,

O'er many a trackless mountain tried ?

“ I mark'd a broad and blasted oak,

Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare ;

Hollow its stem from branch to root,

And all its shrivell'd arms were bare

“ Be this, I cried, his proper grave !—

“ (The thought in me deadly sin,)

“ Aloft we raised the heavy chief,

And dropp'd his heavy corpse within

A shriek from all the damsels burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below ;
While horror-struck the lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

With stupid stare, and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast,
Absorb'd !—she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath,
The rumour through the hamlet ran ;
The peasants croud at morning dawn,
To hear the tale,—behold the man.

He led them near the blasted oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew,
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whiten'd boues to view !—

Back they recoil'd !—the right hand still,
Contracted, grasp'd the rusty sword ;
Which erst in many a battle gleam'd,
And proudly deck'd their slaughter'd lord.

They bore the corse to Vener's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd ;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the angry spirit rest.

NOTE VI.

The Highlander —————

Will on a Friday morn look pale,

If ask'd to tell a fairy tale.—P. 182.

The *Daoine shì* or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian, *Duergar* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least, peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended with mortals, who talk of them, who

wear their favourite colour, and no respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Fridays, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in some respects, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders, may be found in Dr Graham's Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire.

NOTE VII.

———*The towers of Franchémont.*—P. 185.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

• Passed the pretty little village of Franchémont (near Spaw,) with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales, on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchémont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault: he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immoveable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him, that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, that act he would have delivered over his soul to the devil. Yet if any body can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp. I had many stories of this nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the devil in the shape of a great cat.

NOTE VIII.

*The very form of Hilda fair**Hovering upon the sunny air.*—P. 193.

"I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occasions in the abbey of Streanshalh, or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year, (viz. in the summer months,) at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sun-beams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby church-yard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey past the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection, caused by the splendour of the sun-beams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state; before which I make no doubt, the papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion, as before any other image of their most glorified saint."—CHARLTON'S *History of Whitby*, p. 33.

NOTE IX.

A bishop by the altar stood.—P. 200.

The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the *Æneid*, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre.

NOTE X.

—*The huge and sweeping brand,
That wont, of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lopt the sapling spray.*—P. 200.

Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindie, a favourite of James IV., hav-

NOTES TO

ing spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow, was presented by his descendant, James, Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindesay of the Byres when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry-hill.—See *Introduction to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, p. ix.

NOTE XI.

And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?

No, by St Bryde of Bothwell, no!

Up draw-bridge, grooms,—what warder ho!

Let the portcullis fall.—P. 203.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues, of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, tutor of Bomby, who having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the earl in his castle of the Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbright-shire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the king a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the king's household; but while he was at dinner, the earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and shewed him the manner, and said, Sir Patrick, you are come a little too

ARMION.

late; you are a noble soldier, but he wants the head. Take his body and do with it what you will. Sir Patrick answered with a sore heart, and said, My lord, if ye have taken his head, dispoone upon the body as ye please: and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the earl on this manner, My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours, that you have used this time, according to your demerits.

At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken. —PISCOTTIE'S *History*, p. 39.

NOTE XII.

*A letter forged! St Jude to speed
Did ever knight so foul a deed?—P. 204.*

Lest the reader should partake of the earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward IV., to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

NOTE XIII.

Where Lennel's convent closed their march.—P. 207.

This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennel House is now the residence of my venerable friend Patrick Brydson, Esquire, so well known in the literary world. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden Field.

NOTE XIV.

The Till by Tynemouth Bridge.—P. 208.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden,

Surrey's head-quarters were at ~~Bar~~moor wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel bridge, nigh where that ~~river~~ joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart. whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called St Helen's Well.

NOTE XV.

*Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for battle fray.*—P. 212

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden, but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that when the English army, by their skilful counter-march, were fairly placed between King

James and his army of country. The Scottish monarch resolved to fight on the ridge, and, after firing his tents, descended from the ridge to secure the neighbouring eminence of Branksome, the place where that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem on "Flodden Field,"

The English line stretch'd east and west,
And southward were their faces set,
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely Thomas Howard, the admiral of England, and Sir Edmund the knight marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill, in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success, as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund Howard's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre, advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the intervals of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies, and their leader is branded, by the

« Lesquels Ecossois descendirent la montaigne en bon ordre, en la manière que marchent les Allemands, sans parler, ni faire aucun bruit » etc. of the Battle, Pinkerton's *Appendix*, vol II. p. 456.

Scottish historians, with neglect. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom the English historians said, by the English historians, to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the admiral, whose flank these ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men, but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were inferior note.— See the only distinct detail of the field of battle in PINKERTON'S *History*, Book XI.; all former accounts being full of blunder and inconsistency.

The spot, from which Clara views the battle, must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen.

NOTE XVI.

——— *Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.*—P 213

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undeified, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my reader; as an edition, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend Mr Henry Weber. Tunstall perhaps derived his epithet of *undeified* from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

NOTE XVII.

View not that corpse mistrustfully,

Defaced and mangled though it be;

Nor to yon Border castle high

Look northward with upbraiding eye.—P 225

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the king, but even of having carried him out of the field and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle; for which, on enquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said, that if the well were cleaned

out, he would not be surprised if Home was the chamberlain of the king, and his private confidant: he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of the king's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event: but the retreat, or inactivity, of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the king's fate, and averred, that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never shew the token of the iron belt, which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time — An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

NOTE XVIII.

——— *fanatic Brook*

The four cathedral storm'd and took. — P. 225

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the king, took place in the great civil war. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St Chad's Cathedral, and upon St Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye, with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal steeple was ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

"When revising the Poem, it seems proper to mention the following particulars :

The lines in page 78, vol. ii.

Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought ;

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Driden of Chesterton. The ballad of Lochinvar, p. 154, is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie," which may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

